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FRANCIS FISHER BROWNE, founder of THE DIAL, and its Editor from the first issue (May, 1880) to the present, died at Santa Barbara, California, on May 11, after a long illness. A sketch of his life and work, with a supplemental reproduction of a recent portrait, will be given in our next issue.

THE PUBLISHER AND THE READER.

Book publishers naturally wish to sell their books, and, as a rule, we believe that they wish to publish the best books that can be sold at a reasonable profit. They have not yet, for the most part, sunk to the level of those newspaper publishers who avow no higher aim than that of providing "what the public wants," or what a mean conception of its tastes makes them think it wants. Even in their case, we fancy that the wish, rather than any exhibition of the public's real desire, is father to the thought. A book publisher is doubtless glad when his list is found to contain a best-seller, but deep down in his consciousness there is a feeling of disgust at the public taste which has thus singled out a work which he knows to be vastly inferior to many others on his list. And his satisfaction in the pecuniary returns from the sale of this rubbish lies not so much in the dollars that it supplies as in the knowledge that these dollars will enable him to keep on publishing his other and better books, even at a loss. Many are the publishers who have undertaken costly ventures based upon the intrinsic merit of the works alone, and meaning at the best returns so slow and scanty as to make their publication a long uncertainty, if not a certain final deficit. Such a publisher neither repines nor grumbles; he simply casts about for enough popular stuff of the kind that sells to keep his business afloat, and permit him to continue his indulgence in the luxury of doing a real intellectual service to that part of the public which can appreciate it.

Mr. George P. Brett, in some notes on publishing recently contributed to "The Atlantic Monthly," informs us that, whereas in 1901

eight thousand volumes were produced in this country, the number became thirteen thousand in 1910, and seems to be steadily increasing. This is not surprising, in view of our increasing population, but it is surprising to learn that the book trade is not appreciably greater in volume than it was ten years ago. The book-reading public seems to be "a more or less constant one in point of numbers," not appearing to "grow in proportion to the general growth of the population," and especially "its growth is not nearly commensurate with the growth of the population in education and wealth, with the accompanying increase in leisure and general culture." If this is so, the publisher is an object of pity, for the gross amount of his sales must be applied to a fifty per cent increase of his costs. The author is in similar case, because he must now write three books to earn the royalties that formerly accrued from two. Yet neither publisher nor author is discouraged to the point of giving up, and the fecundity of the latter continues to be amazing. Of his output,

> "The printed part, though far too large, is less
> Than that which yet unprinted waits the press,"

for Mr. Brett informs us that "the number of books that appear in print is usually only about two per cent of the total number of manuscripts submitted to the publishers for examination." This must mean, we fancy, what one publishing house does with works offered it, not taking into account the fact that the rejected ninety-eight per cent go the rounds until many of them at last grope their way to the daylight. One who knows what traps are baited for unwary amateur authors, and what incredible stuff actually comes to an imprint, is loath to believe that there still remains a submerged forty-nine fiftieths of all the "literature" that gets as far as the manuscript or type-written stage.

Obviously, the publishers as a class have their choice between two courses of action. Either they should cut down the number of their books until they publish no more of them than the stationary reading public will buy in quantities assuring a reasonable profit, or they must contrive means to enlarge that public. It is capable of indefinite enlargement, if only one knew how to set about the task. The essential problem is that of the distribution of books, and to this Mr. Brett mainly directs his attention. Of course, there is advertising, but few publishers seem to have learned how to advertise with discrimination and effectively. The hit-or-miss methods now in vogue do not accomplish the desired purpose, and the waste resulting from advertisements in the wrong places is enormous. Contracts are made with hundreds of newspapers which exert no appreciable influence over the public that desires to read books; and these advertisements, although cheap in terms of money, are dear in relation to the returns from them. "My eyes have become trained," says Mr. Brett, "until I think I can say that I never see the advertisements in my morning newspaper. Perhaps this is a peculiarity of mine, but I suspect it is becoming general with the public." Of course, advertising in the better class of magazines, and in the journals largely devoted to literature, is another matter; they make a special appeal to the book-buying public, and their advertisements of books are a part of their reading contents which every subscriber would miss were it not generously furnished.

The writer deplores the fact that good books are no longer helped on their way, as they formerly were, by being made the subjects of general conversation. Once, "there were, in considerable numbers, among the general public, book-lovers whose chief delight consisted in the discovery of the new author and the new book of merit. The discoverer would tell all his friends of his find, to the great advantage of the publisher and author. Many a dinner-table in these days was made pleasant by such book-ish talk. It is, alas, very rare to-day. The late Goldwin Smith, the last time the writer saw him in New York, remarked that he had not heard a book mentioned at a dinner-table for several years." The last statement is extremely significant, and means a noteworthy decline in the intellectual interests of society, for it will hardly be urged that the subjects of the conversations that formerly had to do with books have anything like the same stimulating intellectual quality. Automobiles and airships and athletics are not exactly the themes that encourage readers of the sort we wish to multiply.

The conditions of our feverish modern life do not tend to produce serious readers, and it is a wonder that the number of them remains even stationary. There are too many distractions, especially for the young, who regard sitting down with a book as extremely "slow." Moreover, the reading matter that is brought to their attention consists mostly of snippets, and what reading habits they form are hardly worth acquiring. The picture supplants the printed page, and the faculty for serious reading becomes atrophied. "The kinematograph is one of the most powerful energies yet devised for the debauchery of our common stock of imagination,"

says "The Saturday Review," and it is probable that this evil more than counterbalances the educational benefits that the prevalence of the moving-picture bestows. The illustrated sections of the newspaper catch the child's attention, and keep it from the dull columns of print that might contribute to his fund of knowledge and his power of thought. The popular magazine is for him first a picture-book, next a story book, and last of all an agency for the cultivation of his mind. The degenerative process begins in the home at a very early age — the age in which our more fortunate elders were reading the Rollo books — and the injury has become almost irreparable before the parents realize that the plague has fastened itself upon their offspring. There is little hope of reconstituting a reading public like that of the last generation when neither the home nor the school does its duty by the young in guarding their minds from the sources of infection.

Mr. Brett has not much to offer in the way of constructive suggestions. He thinks that books ought to be published at lower prices, and blames their authors for refusing to accept reduced *rates* of royalty. Here his logic is clearly at fault, for there is no reason why a fifty-cent book should not bear the same rate as a two-dollar one. Suppose the experiment be made of republishing a book in a cheap edition at one-fourth of the original price, is there any sufficient reason why the same ten or twenty per cent of the lower price should not be ear-marked as the author's share and allowed for in the estimates of cost? Classified card-catalogues of the reading public, as prepared by many publishers here and abroad, are recommended as a means of calling the attention of individuals to the works in which they are likely to be interested. This is undoubtedly better than indiscriminate advertising, and we may expect it to come more and more into use. The postal authorities now discriminate against books in two ways, in favor of magazines and miscellaneous merchandise, and this is an evil that surely ought to be remedied. Perhaps the most important thing that the publishers should work for is the rehabilitation of the book store, which is rapidly becoming extinct. But the fundamental thing is to educate the public to realize that a house without books is an unfurnished house, and that a household of children who do not see books read and hear them familiarly discussed every day is a household that is neglectful of its paramount duty to itself and to the rising generation.

*A REPUBLIC OF BOOKS.**

The average man, the man who does not read anything but newspapers, thinks of books as the sealed packets of an exotic intelligence, which it will not do him much good to open. He knows nothing of the fine salt-reek in the pages of Hakluyt, or the hearty strain of the ballad-book,—

> "It fell about the Lammas tide
> When the moor-men win their hay."

But by this neglect he leaves unused his sixth sense,— that which quickens all the others, that which can add rooms to his house and a region to his brain. If over-night he has been in Nantucket with the American Farmer, De Crèvecœur, or walking the Edinburgh Canongate with Sir Walter Scott, he has a fresh vista to his street when he turns out in the morning.

In this faith, some six or seven years ago, we set out to build our new republic — a Library-in-Being, that should have in view throughout the play of literature upon life. It did not signify where we began, so long as we took for the beginning a handful of live books,— authors who had stood the racket of time and the changes of fashion. Once chosen, their elective affinities would do the rest. We pitched, as it happened, first on Boswell, since his Doctor Johnson is not only a man, but a whole tract of human nature, with London and Fleet Street for a background, and the Big Dictionary for a sign. A better inductor to the commonwealth than Dr. Johnson could hardly be desired. As we read his biography, he starts up in the book, more alive than most of us who think we live. One Monday morning,— to be exact October 4, 1779,— Boswell relates how he went to see the Doctor before he was yet out of bed. "He sent for me to his bedside," says Boswell, and seemed "as pleased as if he had been in the gaiety of youth, and called out briskly,—'Frank, go and get coffee and let us *breakfast in splendour!*'" A few days later and a little discussion of the Art of Coaxing a Fire leads to a piece of folk-lore, and to the aphorism,—"Be as wise as you can." This is from the life, and human nature is re-kindled in the page. Another page, and Dr. Johnson recommends to Boswell a Greek Lexicon, a translation of the first book of the Iliad, and Hesiod. In fact, while he was a great *viveur*, a man who lived for life, and never bookish in the dull way, he loved a cordial writer, said "the chief glory of every people arises from its authors," and waxed eloquent over the life and death of words, "some budding, some falling away."

We did not wish, however, to construct a Dr. Johnson Academy of Letters, nor a Boswell group in the Senate. We tried to keep in mind the sort of young man who once wrote confidentially to say that "his specialty was the universe." So we went

*This article, written by the editor of "Everyman's Library," is a statement of the editorial plan and purpose of that enterprise.

on boldly, knitting up antiquity with our new time, and adding Athens to Boston, and Emerson to my Lord Verulam, and in our second relay contrived even to make near neighbors of that most engaging book of wit and wisdom, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and Plato's "Republic."

From the last-named work we took a parable,—that of the transcendent thirst, the desire in the soul for something more than meat or drink. There are authors who create this thirst, and if biography is specially good for the purpose, so is fiction. Your real novel is an admirable incentive: familiar history itself, it leads to history. We soon had Balzac on the list, opening the great human comedy as he conceived it with his *Peau de Chagrin*, which is the fable of Everyman's strife with death and time; just as Everyman looks for his own plight of memory and age in Rip Van Winkle or in Colonel Newcome. Balzac holds a master-key to the treasury of the republic. What did he say in the confession of faith that opens his encyclopædia of human nature? "I attach to common everyday facts and acts of mere individual lives, and to their causes and principles, the importance which historians have hitherto ascribed to the events of public national life." He expanded this idea in constructing his history. He wished, in fact, to construct a republic all of his own making. "My work," said he proudly, "has its geography, as it has its genealogy and its families, its places and things,—its heraldry, its nobles and commoners, workmen and peasants, senators and dandies; its army, too,—in short a whole world of its own."

What Balzac tried to do in his single discharge, it ought to be possible to carry out, we thought, in the wider circles of human interest. Take Pepys's Diary, for instance. There is a book that is centrifugal: you do not get far in its pages without being infected by the gossip's curiosity. What of the plays he went to? "Bartholomew's Fair," by Ben Jonson, which he saw more than once; or Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philaster," or Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."

Pepys, though living under Charles II., and aware of Nell Gwynn, did very well as a citizen of the literary commonwealth. And it was easy, while the theatres were in demand, to move from English to Greek drama. Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, had followed as a matter of course,—and we presently found it necessary to put Ibsen by Euripides. We would have followed Aristophanes with George Bernard Shaw, and Shaw with Synge, but for restrictions of copyright, against which the free spirits that are in books mutiny in vain. But we were able to map out other town-lands with some completeness. We could have Grote's "Greece," and Finlay's, to eke out our spiritual Athens. We could build around Gibbon's "Rome" with Sismondi's "Italian Republics," and Macchiavelli could have his vital supplement and counterblast in Mazzini. As the scheme developed, it became clear that the value of the structural idea on which it was ultimately to rest had not been exaggerated. Our silent republicans were in their way very effective. They made their colony in every quarter of the known world. They seemed of themselves to make their own groups and installations, as if to reaffirm Emerson's theory of a new dynamic quality of mind that travelled by day and night, moving in concentric circles. By their law of interfusion, the spirit in each great author found out its congenial spirit in another, and the acquisition of truth and reality in any one quarter was proved "so much good to the commonwealth of souls."

The one portion of the commonalty which we feared the average man was most likely to neglect was that of Philosophy. Everyman finds something alarming in the idea of Plato, something disturbing in the mere notion of taking up a book by René Descartes. Yet who that lights on an account of the life Descartes spent as a soldier in the Low Countries — camp life with a mixture of fighting and high thinking — is satisfied to pause there? A page of military strategy, leading on to a question of the structure of the stars and the divine proportions of the human body, may serve to kindle curiosity; and then the reader, if he have any intellectual spunk, will be bound to explore the "Meditations" and the "Discourse on Method" for himself. In 1619, the author of those works joined the army of Maximilian on the Danube, and there, he tells us, he passed the greatest day of his life, "being full of enthusiasm and having discovered the basis of true science." That is a personal revelation to draw the spirit of a Descartes close to those other free spirits, books and men, on whose effect the fortune of the literary state, invisible and spiritual, rests. From Descartes it is an inevitable step that takes one to a volume of Spinoza, or to a Bishop Berkeley who saw the external world as dependent for its very existence upon the ideal. To compare Berkeley's "New Theory of Vision" with the pages in which René Descartes discussed the ideas of corporeal and incorporeal substance and the ideas of place and space is to arrive at a new sensation of the world by which man is environed, and the modes by which he is conditioned. On this base of relative authors, with what may be called Literary Architecture, or something akin to it, we reared our expanding walls. To go to Rome in Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," or to Paris in Balzac's "César Birotteau," to take up the "Little Flowers" of St. Francis, or the Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, was clue enough, we believed, to bring any man and every man within the structural lines. And once within them he was lost,—or saved. The silent republicans had him at their mercy. He must submit to their law, and become wise as Plato, multiple as Shakespeare, impulsive as Burns, in spite of himself.

This conspiracy against the literary diffidence of the huge public was associated very closely with the two main ideas that lay behind the whole scheme: One, that Everyman (the typical sensual "Modern Man" of Whitman's poem) should be able to turn to

the Library for his congenial or predestinate Book and find it there. The other, that every Book should have its correlatives, and its copesmate, in the structure. This may seem to breathe an air of transcendentalism; but in fact it is only another way of applying the democratic idea in the literary arena. We consulted the crowd, and believed in the instincts and the appetite of men and women for sheer intelligence. Let them touch the live circuit anywhere, and the spark must do its work. They might turn, hoping only for sensation and the breath of Russian anarchy, to a novel like Turgenev's "Virgin Soil" or Dostoieffsky's "Crime and Punishment." That would do the business. A single Dumas book would serve to open, although with something of melodrama, the tremendous roll of the French Revolution, and so involve the unsuspecting reader in Carlyle, and then in Teufelsdröckh and in Goethe. A speech of Lincoln's might be the key to Grote and the spent democracy of Greece; and an essay of Lowell's induct the Elizabethans, and they in turn the theatre of Ibsen, and the Ibsenites and new Pittites. The live book and the play of literature upon life,—we held by these; and it almost seems now that our belief in our Academe or Republic is and will be assured.

ERNEST RHYS.

CASUAL COMMENT.

ONE WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN A GREAT POET, but who yielded to the force of circumstances and the influence of environment and became a distinguished prose-writer instead, has since his death been made the subject of warmest eulogy for his poetic gifts, and has called forth expressions of regret that he had not devoted himself entirely to that department of literature in which he was qualified to excel. Mr. J. B. Yeats, recalling his own student days at Trinity College, Dublin, says in a letter to the New York "Evening Post": "It seems but yesterday that I was an anxious student in T. C. D., where the two Dowdens [Edward and John] shone the brightest stars in the undergraduate sky. Have all our hopes been fulfilled? Edward Dowden has written prose classics. He has given us but one small volume of poetry, yet all his love went out to that slender book. He once told me that when he wrote poetry he did it secretly and could not do it otherwise. For in the Ireland that he knew, men did this kind of good deed by stealth. It is so no longer. Thanks to the Irish literary movement, modern Nationalist Ireland, from which he shrank and which shrank from him, is now a land of poets. The orators are out of commission." From the same authority we learn that as a student Dowden had "a certain girlish distinction and purity," that he continued to the end "an extremely handsome man," that "he looked the poet and primarily was the poet," and that "in any other age than that of Herbert Spencer and George Eliot, and in any country not wholly given to oratory, as was then the case with Ireland, Dowden would have written poetry and left prose to others." But the silent, self-contained scholar and dreamer "allowed himself to become a speaker from political platforms. To see his distinguished figure among the politicians was to me a dreadful sight." Further, it was his close application to his books in college, and his brilliant success in all competitive examinations, that stunted the poet in him. Also, he married early, and too much domesticity may have clipped the wings of song. Finally, as we are told, "George Eliot, whose admirer he was, completed the mischief. This woman author, with her chilly east wind of science and agnosticism, was a wintry frost to all of us, in those far-away days." Still, when all is said, poets are born and not made or unmade; and no power on earth can suppress the divine frenzy in a man when it once gets possession of him.

* * *

THE HATED NEOLOGISM, like the poor, is always with us, even though the neologism of one generation may become the archaism of the following. A spoken language is a living thing and stoutly refuses to become fixed, which is fortunate; but nearly everyone has enough of the conservative in his nature to resent at first the ousting of a good old word by a saucy upstart of yesterday, or the wanton ascription of a new meaning to an old word when the language is already well supplied with accepted terms to express the desired meaning. For example, many who are not yet old will recall the introduction into our daily speech of the verb "conserve" in the sense of to husband or economize — etymologically correct enough, but striking the ear at first as an unnecessary or somewhat pedantic substitution. By this time, of course, we have heard so much about conservation and conservationists that we are reconciled to the word and its derivatives. A much more recent and less warrantable innovation is the use of "consistently" for "constantly," or, in plain Anglo-Saxon, "always." The other day there appeared, editorially, in one of the three newspapers recognized as foremost of American journals the following sentence referring to the late movement toward arming ocean liners: "It is to be said that England has consistently opposed such transformation at sea, but was unable to get its view adopted at the second Hague peace conference in 1907." Was there in the writer's mind any notion of consistency or inconsistency in England's opposition? Possibly, but the probability is that the adverb is simply journalese for "always." Another instance, of even less ambiguity, occurs in Mr. Noel Buxton's late book entitled "With the Bulgarian Staff." Speaking of Bulgaria's secrecy in preparing for war, and of her conveying of false impressions concerning her military strength, the author says: "It was consistently announced that the Bulgarian army, which, on a peace footing, numbered some 60,000, could be increased in war to 300,000." In reality this announcement was

inconsistent with the actual facts, for the total muster numbered 430,000. What the writer meant, then, was "constantly," or, better, "repeatedly," or perhaps "persistently," or "insistently," but surely not "consistently." By what perversity or inconsistency was he led to choose just the wrong adverb when the right one lay so ready to his hand?

* * *

A STEP FORWARD IN LIBRARY LEGISLATION is about to be taken by Massachusetts, the first State to establish a public library commission. At present writing a bill is before the legislature, and is likely to have become law before this is printed, for the appointment of an agent to assist libraries in their work with immigrants. Mr. Charles F. D. Belden, State Librarian and President of the Massachusetts Public Library Commission, is the moving spirit in this enterprise, which of course has the hearty support of the Commission as a whole and as individuals. During the past winter that body has concerned itself especially with the work of libraries among the foreign-born classes, and the need has been increasingly felt of a special agent or officer to give his or her time and study to the questions connected with such work. "Provision should also be made," urges Mr. Belden, "for occasional assistance from competent representatives of the non-English-speaking races in different localities for lectures and addresses, and for other incidental expenses." The bill provides that the "foreign agent," as the proposed officer seems to be called for brevity's sake, shall be appointed by the Library Commission, with the consent of the Governor, for a term not exceeding five years, and that an annual appropriation not exceeding five hundred dollars shall be made to meet the incidental expenses connected with the agent's work. Like the commissioners, the agent will receive for his services a reward not reckoned in dollars and cents. The consciousness of having helped to fit for citizenship some hundreds or thousands of our alien population will be better than gold from Uphaz or silver from Tarshish.

* * *

THE SINCERITY OF THE NEW DRAMA, about which Mr. Galsworthy discourses understandingly and enjoyably in the April "Hibbert Journal," is regarded by him as its characteristic and all-important feature, though not the feature most likely to secure immediate commercial success. "Not till the heavens fall will the majority of the Public demand sincerity," he feels bound to admit. Conventional clap-trap and mock heroics we all know to be what appeals most unfailingly to the gallery, and indeed, as a general rule, to the balcony, the orchestra chairs, and the boxes. "The Greater Public will by preference take the lowest article in art that is offered to it," he remarks, with a Ruskin-like despair at the degeneracy of the people's taste; but he still believes that "if a better article be substituted, the Greater Public very soon enjoys it every bit as much as the article replaced, and so on — up to a point that we need not fear we shall ever reach. But from this it is not to be inferred that 'new dramatists' are consciously trying to supply the Public with a better article. Not those who are sincere, anyway. Oh, no! A man could not write anything sincere with the elevation of the Public as incentive. If he tried he would be as lost as ever were the Pharisees making broad their phylacteries. He can only express himself sincerely *by not considering the Public at all.*" Then follows a variation of the well-known advice of Sir Philip Sidney to the writer, and afterward this hopeful view of the "new" dramatist's future: "Novelists, it is true, even if they have not been taken too seriously by the people of these islands, have for a long time past respected themselves; but the calling of a dramatist till quite of late has been but an invertebrate and spiritless concern. Whipped by the Censor, exploited by the actor, dragooned and slashed by the manager, ignored by the Public, who never even bothered to inquire the names of those who supplied it with digestives — it was a slave's job. Thanks to a little sincerity, it is not now a slave's job, and will not again, I think, become one in this country." A new safeguard of the self-respecting dramatist is found in the increasing vogue of plays, "sincere" plays, as literature. Not merely the closet drama, but the stage drama is being read, is taking rank as literature, because the authors are learning to be faithful to themselves — in other words, to be sincere.

* * *

EDITORSHIP AS A PROPÆDEUTIC TO AMBASSADORSHIP receives no stinted commendation from the editor of "The Forum," who, in commenting on Mr. Page's recent appointment as ambassador to England, says: "He could have had no better training for his new duties than is afforded by the editorial chair of one of the greater periodicals; and after the diplomacy that is sometimes necessary in such a position he will find his work in London superlatively easy." In recent times this particular post has been held by a number of able men of editorial training. Lowell occupied the editorial chair of "The Atlantic Monthly" from 1857 to 1862, and was joint editor with Charles Eliot Norton of "The North American Review" from 1863 to 1867. Mr. Hay, besides serving as editorial writer on the New York "Tribune," assumed the duties of editor-in-chief during Whitelaw Reid's absence in Europe in 1881. Mr. Reid himself had large editorial experience, beginning with the Xenia "News," which he conducted in 1858–59, and ending with the great metropolitan journal which he edited and owned in later life. Mr. Page's editorship of the "Atlantic" from 1896 to 1899 was preceded by five year's experience as editor of "The Forum" (whose present editor errs in placing Mr. Page's Boston labors before 1891) and followed by a dozen years' superintendence of "The World's Work." Certainly the editor of any successful newspaper or periodical has to make himself a master of the *suaviter in modo* and the *fortiter in re* if he is to achieve the best results. Having done that, it may well be that the

more or less ornamental functions of a foreign ambassadorship become to him a thing of little difficulty, even if not, as the "Forum" editor expresses it, "superlatively easy."

• • •

THE COURAGE OF ONE'S LITERARY LIKES AND DISLIKES is an admirable thing. For this we value Edward FitzGerald, and the more because his preferences and prejudices generally commend themselves as well-grounded, as based on the eternal verities, so far as we have learned to know those verities. It is true that personal preference is often an unsafe criterion, and most of us hesitate to trust it implicitly. No such weakness, however, is discernible in Mr. Frederic Harrison's summary dismissal of Professor Bergson in his (Mr. Harrison's) recent delightful volume, "Among my Books." The eminent Frenchman might feel hurt were it not that Plato is dismissed with equal curtness in the same sentence; and to be ejected through the same door with the author of "The Republic" is honor enough for one man. In this distinguished company also a third name (no one would guess whose) is included. The English critic's words are as follows: "I care for Plato's metaphysics as little as I care for the rhapsodical gammon of Professor Bergson or Miss Marie Corelli — who used to be so sorry for poor Satan." In fairness it should be added that Mr. Harrison pays proper tribute to Plato's literary charm, crediting him with "the most exquisite prose style ever devised by the genius of man." Another passage from the same book may well be cited in this connection. After expressing a preference for Coleridge, Shelley, Tennyson, and Matthew Arnold, among modern poets, the writer says: "I see all the beauty of Keats, of Swinburne, Rossetti, and others whom it is the fashion to praise, I think, in needless superlatives; but for my own enjoyment I require sustained and original Thought, and not merely melodious phrase and luscious images. Thoughts, ideas, appeals to mind or action, are the essence of poetry as of all other kinds of composition. And sweet songs about nothing in particular do not long hold me. Again, they who offer Thoughts without music should write in prose, not in verse."

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THE RAILROAD SERVING THE LIBRARY, and also lending itself to the larger purposes of educational enlightenment, is an edifying sight. From the Minnesota Public Library Commission's monthly "Library Notes and News" we take the following: "Results from the traveling libraries placed on the Educational train which toured the Northern part of the state Nov. 5–20 are shown in the following statement. Of the forty-five towns visited seven already had traveling libraries — twenty-five libraries were placed at stations along the route, and ten more at adjoining towns. Nine towns have, as yet, no libraries. In some instances more than one library was placed at the same shipping point, but serving totally different communities. According to this count a total of forty-seven stations were added to the traveling library map." On another page of the same issue it is reported that a large increase in the demand for reference books for temporary use, in various parts of the State, bears evidence to the need of a parcel post that shall carry such books to and fro at the same rate that it now carries other packages. More and more the wonder grows that books should ever have been excluded from the benefits of the parcel post — or, rather, it would grow were it not so well known that the collective stupidity of any legislative body always greatly exceeds the sum of the individual stupidities of its constituent members. The whole is sometimes greater than the sum of all its parts.

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THE UNSOPHISTICATED LITERARY GENIUS, in all the sublimity of his unsophistication, has never been better portrayed than by Mr. Woodrow Wilson, twenty years ago, in his book, "Mere Literature," a collection of essays now republished in a limited edition that is pretty sure to find a ready sale. In the essay on "The Author Himself" occurs the description we have in mind: "The man thrown early upon his own resources, and already become a conqueror of success before being thrown with the literary talkers; the man grown to giant's stature in some rural library, and become exercised there in a giant's prerogative before ever he has been laughingly told, to his heart's confusion, of scores of other giants dead and forgotten long ago; the man grounded in hope and settled in conviction ere he has discovered how many hopes time has seen buried, how many convictions cruelly given the lie direct by fate; the man who has carried his youth into middle age before going into the chill atmosphere of blasé sentiment; the quiet, stern man who has cultivated literature on a little oatmeal before thrusting himself upon the great world as a prophet and seer; the man who pronounces new eloquence in the rich dialect in which he was bred; the man come up to the capital from the provinces — these are the men who people the world's mind with new creations and give to the sophisticated learned of the next generation new names to conjure with."

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A LIBRARIAN'S VALEDICTORY closes the forty-eighth annual report of the Detroit Public Library. Mr. Henry M. Utley, appointed Librarian in 1885, and since last November holding the honored position of Librarian Emeritus, thus expresses himself in looking back over his quarter-century and more of distinguished service in Detroit: "In closing my final report, I may be indulged in a passing reference to the Library's wonderful growth and development in the last quarter of a century. This marked and unexpected change in the institution and the character of its work amounts to a revolution. No one then could have foreseen its nature and extent. This was not merely an expansion along previously well-defined lines: it was radical and fundamental in its quality and characteristics. This change in

the significance of librarianship is unquestionably due to the influence of the American Library Association, which was organized during the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. That Exposition was responsible for many changes in American life and thought, marking the beginning of an era. Nowhere is this more distinctly seen than in the library field." Recalling his intercourse with the leading early members of the Association — many of them now no longer with us — he says: "These men were the incarnation of the modern library spirit. To be associated with them was in itself a liberal education."

* * *

ALERTNESS TO READERS' NEEDS is plainly discernible in certain innovations introduced at the Los Angeles Public Library. Two attractive lists of "Books on Domestic Science" and "Books on the Building Trades," the latter critically annotated, and each bearing an appropriate pictorial design on the cover, are issued by the Library, and contain a goodly showing of its literature on these subjects. Efficient methods of distribution are used to place these lists in the hands of those most likely to profit by them, even the grocer's delivery wagon being pressed into service to awaken the people to a consciousness of things worth knowing. Not long ago it was suggested in these columns that motion pictures might advantageously be used in familiarizing the public with the free library's existence and activities; and now there comes to us the following announcement from Los Angeles: "We are using the motion picture slide method, and find that it reaches a large circle of people who do not otherwise seem to be informed of the library's existence. We have out about fifteen slides in various theatres, the proprietors of which are coöperating with us by showing these without any expense to the library." If the inhabitants of Los Angeles do not henceforth make the best and fullest use of their library, they will show themselves quite undeserving of a library.

* * *

A PREMIUM ON CLASSICAL SCHOLARSHIP is virtually what the new rules governing admission to Harvard amount to. Fewer "units" of preparatory work will be required of those who qualify themselves in both Latin and Greek than of other applicants; and thus, apparently, it is hoped to encourage the study of Virgil and Homer and Cicero and Demosthenes. Not the worthiest incentive this to the cultivation of the classics; but the difficulties of Greek and Latin, as compared with those of German and French and the rudiments of science, are certainly such as to justify the concession made to those who choose the old-time rigors rather than the latter-day "soft" studies of college preparation. It may well be more difficult, even now, to enter college on fifteen and one-half "units," including Latin and Greek, than to fill up the sixteen and one-half required of the non-Grecians. But, after all, external stimuli to the study of any literature, whether ancient or modern, will never go far toward inspiring a love for that literature — as all will admit who pause to look back on whatever of compulsion was brought to bear on their own youthful inclination concerning the literature of their own tongue.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A FREQUENT MISUSE OF THE COMMA.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Of all the marks of punctuation, the comma, it is said, has the least power; and yet its misuse may cause no end of trouble and misunderstandings, even lawsuits. For example: quoting the opinions of three authors named, a writer gave only two bibliographic references. Of course the query at once arose whether (1) two of the authors were coworkers in one essay or report; (2) if so, which two? Or (3) were there three articles, one by each of the three authors, the bibliographic reference to one having by mistake been omitted? The publication of the paper was thus delayed for several days, a number of letters between three cities were required, and a deal of bother and expense followed before the matter was finally and correctly understood. The correction of the misuse or nonuse of a comma was necessary to avoid a far greater expense and bother, at some later time, as well as to give an author his proper place and honor. Because, omitting the important matter of bibliographic references, it is clear that *Sea, Pond and Soil* conveys a different significance from *Soil, Pond and Sea*, while a third variant is *Sea, Pond, and Soil*. "Philosophers such as Bergson and James, and Schäfer and Henderson," means one thing, while other placings of commas would suggest decidedly different meanings. When Dean Alford said, "The great enemies to understanding anything in our language are the commas"— was he not a teacher of indiscrimination? His killing of a thousand of these "enemies" in the Greek text of the New Testament may have been both "war" and "magnificent," but fortunately our English translation was left unattacked.

In illustration of such differences in the uses of the comma let me quote from John Wilson's "Treatise on English Punctuation." The first edition was published in 1826, the third in 1855, and the twenty-sixth in 1871. In America, therefore, the proper use of the comma has had sufficient authority, vogue, and time to become fixed. Wilson says: "In a series of words, all of the same part of speech, a comma is inserted between each particular," and some of the illustrations given are these:

> Industry, honesty, and temperance are essential.
>
> A brave, pious, and patriotic prince.
>
> Happy is the man who honors, obeys, loves, or serves his Creator.

"Some punctuators," adds Wilson, "omit the comma between the last two particulars, when united by either of the conjunctions *and, or, nor*. But the propriety of using the comma will perhaps be obvious to anyone who examines the nature of such sentences: for the last two words of a series are not more closely connected in sense and construction with each other than with the preceding words; as Infancy, childhood, youth, *manhood*, and *age* are different stages in human life." (There follow certain explanations, examples, and exceptions, which need not be copied here.) In other words, the last *and*,

or *or*, or *nor* may not at one time serve both for the omitted comma and the conjunction.

The "Manual of Style" of the University of Chicago Press (December, 1912) disposes of the matter in the same way. The "Style Book" of the Government Printing Office at Washington has nothing in regard to the question. Orcutt's "The Writer's Desk Book" fails to notice that besides *and*, *nor* and *or* also require the comma before the last of a succession of three or more words.

Despite the usual assent to this rule by most authorities treating of the rules of punctuation, there is an astonishing lack of this correct and indicated usage on almost every page of American and English books, magazines, newspapers, etc. One may hardly say that either the rule, or its opposite, is more frequently illustrated by our best American printers and writers; nor may one be very dogmatic as to the preponderant habit of the contrasted Americans and English. I have collected hundreds of illustrative instances, and, glancing over them, it would seem that, while all are sinners, as a rule the best authors of England (or their printers and proof-readers) have more frequently adopted the right and discriminating use of the comma than have we Americans. But, for instance, quoting the Oxford University Press "Rules for Compositors," the "Encyclopædia Britannica" says: "The comma separates clauses, phrases and participles,"—thus inexcusably omitting the comma after *phrases*. In our own "Webster's New International," under "Comma," we read: "to set off words, phrases, and clauses that are independent, parenthetical, or appositional,"—thus happily and twice illustrating the proper rule in its own definition. It also quotes: "the virtues of faith, hope, and charity." It need not be added that this commended use of the comma is that constantly exemplified in our New Testament. And yet so general has been the American lapse in "punctiliousness" that one of America's great scholars, a producer, during fifty years, of exquisite literary masterpieces, was a thoroughgoing stickler for the omission of the comma *before "and," "or," and "nor," connecting the last two links in a sequence of three or more; or all the links in a series of greater length, or where each individual link consists of several words.* And this, although he thus mistakenly gave his readers and pupils to understand that "the last two words of such a series are more closely connected in sense and construction with each other than with the preceding words."

G. M. G.

Atlantic City, N. J., May 5, 1913.

IN DEFENSE OF "POETRY."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Your correspondent's sweeping indictment of "Poetry" and all its works, in your last issue, almost leaves me no ground to stand on. However, I still find room enough to question Mr. Wallace Rice's right to the tripod.

"The editors who have never before edited" are less to be dreaded than those who have edited too much. Mr. Rice has edited so many anthologies—among them, "The Little Book of Brides," "The Little Book of Kisses," "The Little Book of Sports,"—that the keen edge of his judgment as an authority on poetry is somewhat worn. "English poetry has no subtle rhythm," he drones, apparently quite unconscious that this statement is a declaration of ineligibility to the office of critic of poetry. It is as if some critic of painting, congenitally color-blind, should announce that there is no difference between green and blue.

Mr. Rice then gets on safer ground. Poetry, like every other Art or art, he solemnly asserts, is concerned with form as well as substance; it is the metrical arrangement of words to express beauty. To deny this is to deny poetry the possession of a technic, to deny the technic of ascertained metre unchallenged through thirty centuries. No, we do n't deny that "poetry is concerned with form as well as substance"—all that we deny is Mr. Rice's competence to discern form. We do n't "deny poetry the possession of a technic," though we are compelled to deny his narrow conception of poetic technic. We hardly know what he may mean by "the technic of ascertained metre unchallenged through thirty centuries," as he can hardly be familiar with all the languages of the earth since ancient Egypt, or with the vast history of human quarrels on the subject of poetic technic since first the devil said, "Is it Art?" Indeed, we doubt if he knows as much on the subject as Mr. Pound, who has devoted some years to an exhaustive study of metrical forms and variations on the poetry of eleven languages.

We have no intention of defending Mr. Pound's poetry. Quite competently it defends itself; as Mr. Rice says, he "may be left to the court of appeal the years will hale him before, if he survives." Meantime, as the years are long in coming, "Poetry" will not be able, either in his case or those of other adventurously modern poets, to sit on the fence of tradition until the verdict of time is pronounced. That would be the safe course, doubtless; we commend it to those who always think that the last word has been said.

"And there is so much for it [that is, the magazine] to do by a maintenance of the standards!" Mr. Rice wails. "The modern social feeling, the growing solidarity of women, the wonders of science, are clamoring for poetic expression." Quite true; if Mr. Rice will review the first seven numbers of "Poetry," he may get some light on these subjects through Moody's "I Am the Woman," John Reed's "Sangar," Lindsay's "General Booth," Towne's "Beyond the Stars," Yeats's allegory of his fate, Rabindra Nath Tagore's lyrics, and Ezra Pound's "Contemporania."

HARRIET MONROE,
Editor of "Poetry."

Chicago, May 9, 1913.

AN INADVERTENT CRITICISM OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I wish to call your attention to an error in the review of the Russell Sage Foundation Publication entitled "A Comparative Study of Public School Systems in the Forty-eight States," in your issue of February 1. In commenting on the table showing the amount of money paid annually for schools for each hundred dollars' worth of wealth in the state, your reviewer has evidently read the abbreviation "N. M." incorrectly, which has led him to make a very unjust criticism of New Hampshire.

Even if the statement were correct, the writer of the article should have recognized that this table taken by itself is of little value. A very wealthy state with few children might be paying out a small percentage of its wealth for schools, and at the same time be paying a large amount per pupil. The latter consideration is of course the important one.

C. W. FOSS.

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 7, 1913.

The New Books.

Early Scenes in a Great War Drama.*

The tyranny of timeliness constrains both book-publishers and newspaper-proprietors to get their printed product to market while the topics to which it refers are still in the bloom of their first freshness. The six volumes named in the subjoined footnote are with one exception written by journalists — war correspondents whose eagerness to score what in their own dialect is known as a "scoop" sometimes exceeded their caution in the avoidance of error. It is still too early to undertake to point out just where each of these enterprising and capable writers, viewing necessarily but a restricted portion of the great war scene, has gone astray; but certain striking instances of mutual contradiction in two or more of the narratives can be cited as sufficient proof that their every detail should not be accepted as gospel truth. We know, too, that unusual obstacles were placed in the path of the war correspondent by both Balkan and Turkish authorities, so that he was treated more like a prisoner of war than like a peaceful gatherer of news, and what information he did obtain may well have been mixed with error for which he was hardly responsible. Moreover, as is well enough known, modern military tactics, with modern smokeless powder and artillery of long and accurate range, tend to make a latter-day battlefield something very different from the thrilling spectacle of waving banners and clashing arms with which we picture to ourselves a Crécy or a Bannockburn. A British officer confirms what Lieutenant Wagner says of "the emptiness of the battlefield" by his statement that though he served through nearly the whole of the Boer War, he never, in all the battles in which he fought, actually caught sight of the enemy, nor ever saw even a puff of smoke to indicate the enemy's position. When the men asked what they should aim at, they were likely to be told to aim at the sky-line, on the off chance of hitting a Boer on the crest of some distant ridge. Is there cause for surprise, then, that no single war correspondent at the front can furnish a complete and correct account of military movements?

But while the books here brought to the reader's attention are largely based on such imperfect information as is obtainable by the journalist, and are issued with all possible celerity, one exception is to be noted in the modest volume prepared by Mr. Noel Buxton, who went to the East as agent of the Balkan War Relief Fund, and afterward, with evident deliberation and care, put into writing the more noteworthy of his impressions and of the facts gleaned by him in the advantageous position of one attached to the Bulgarian General Staff. In addition to his present work, "With the Bulgarian Staff," two chapters of which have already appeared in "The Contemporary Review" and "The Nineteenth Century," Mr. Buxton has published a book on "Europe and the Turks," which shows at least his intelligent interest in Balkan affairs in their political aspects. From the later work, which makes the reader acquainted with Bulgarian character and Bulgarian patriotism, we quote a passage referring to the Bulgarian commander-in-chief.

> "There is a massive quality about Savoff which defies description: the head large; the figure not disproportionate, and yet a short man; genial, yet apart, with an air of large condescension; potentially social, but preoccupied: a man to inspire confidence. He reminded me of nothing so much as that rare type of Englishman, born a squire but by nature a leader of men, occupied with great affairs, but when at home joining the crowd of commonplace people, shooting or hunting or golfing, without claiming special regard."

Lieutenant Hermenegild Wagner, special correspondent of the Vienna "Reichspost" and the London "Daily Mail," gives to the public a book of considerable size and pretensions, well illustrated and provided with maps, and full of interesting and often instructive matter. The first half of "With the Victorious Bulgarians" sketches the events leading up to the war and introduces the Bulgarians to the reader; the second half relates the author's exploits as an exceedingly alert war correspondent, and gives as many details concerning the progress of the campaign as could have been expected from any one pen at that time. Indeed, somewhat less of fulness and variety in the author's report might

* With the Victorious Bulgarians. By Lieutenant Hermenegild Wagner. With an Introduction by I. E. Gueshoff, Prime Minister of Bulgaria. With illustrations and maps. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

With the Bulgarian Staff. By Noel Buxton, M.P. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The Balkan War Drama. By Cyril Campbell. Illustrated. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

The Balkan War. Adventures of War with Cross and Crescent. By Philip Gibbs and Bernard Grant. With illustrations and map. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

With the Turks in Thrace. By Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, in collaboration with Seabury Ashmead-Bartlett. With illustrations and map. New York: George H. Doran Co.

With the Conquered Turk. The Story of a Latter-Day Adventurer. By Lionel James. With illustrations and maps. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

have inspired greater confidence in his accuracy. But of this there will be a word to say later. His splendid confidence in himself, valuable in his hazardous and difficult undertaking, shows itself especially in his concluding chapter, "My Experiences as a War Correspondent," in the course of which he says:

"The secret of my successful activity as a war correspondent — one result of which is that in various ways I have had to experience the hostility of some of my less successful colleagues — is, I confess, to be sought in the circumstance that I was able to bring to bear upon my task more certain guarantees of success than any of my competitors could command. Above all, I was a perfect master of the Bulgarian language. The son of an engineer, I grew up among the Balkans, and as a boy learned to speak Bulgarian, Servian, and Bosnian. Though a native of Vienna, I thus obtained such a knowledge of the ways and thoughts of the southern Slavs as one cannot acquire from any books, or any amount of study in later life."

Mr. Cyril Campbell witnessed some incidents in the autumn campaign as special correspondent of the London "Times," and his book, "The Balkan War Drama," is a part of the fruit of his journalistic labors at and near the front, especially with the Servian forces. Its chapters on the political crisis in Servia and the early military movements of the Servians are especially informing. Bulgaria's part in the tremendous struggle also receives attention. Noteworthy is the fact that while most of the accounts of the war lay emphasis on the alleged Turkish atrocities, Mr. Campbell all but denies that there were any such atrocities. Toward the end of his book he says:

"That the Turks have committed atrocities in the past is undeniable; that atrocities have been committed in this war is equally undeniable, and that the Turks have taken part in some of these atrocities is possible. But it must be remembered that so far there is no direct proof. At the moment when the talk of atrocities and massacres of innocent people by retreating Turks was at its height, during the second week of the war, the following telegram reached Belgrade from the Servian front, after having passed and obtained the sanction of the official censor: 'The further progress is made, the more certain it is that the atrocities are due to the Arnauts and not to the Turks.' The Arnauts know nothing of Berne or Geneva Conventions, and wage war in their own sweet fashion."

Already in this book, which seems to have left its author's hands last November, there are prophecies of the contentions among the allies which were sure to follow close upon the attainment of their purpose in the clash with their common foe.

In "The Balkan War," by Mr. Philip Gibbs, special correspondent of the London "Graphic" with the Bulgarian army, and Mr. Bernard Grant, special correspondent of the London "Daily Mirror" with the Turkish army, is presented a well-proportioned account of operations on both sides, as comprehensive and trustworthy as it could be made in the very heat of the actions which it describes. But it modestly and wisely disclaims finality, and confesses the insuperable obstacles which its authors had to contend against in their quest for information. It also makes clear that the war drama is not all acted out on the battlefield, that "it is a drama of innumerable small acts of courage, of fear, of hardship, of misery, of horror, of despair, when death itself, so enormous a tragedy in ordinary life, becomes a commonplace familiar thing, so that living men hardly turn their heads to glance at those who fall dead; when death, so terrible in days of peace, is indeed, to many men, a welcome gift, ending the sufferings that are unendurable"—and that it is a drama of much else besides. No early book of the war has in so small a compass more of what the reader wishes to know. Its illustrations are many and good, its map useful though small.

A view of the war from the Turkish side only is furnished by Mr. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, special correspondent of the London "Daily Telegraph," aided by his brother, Mr. Seabury Ashmead-Bartlett. "With the Turks in Thrace" is a generous octavo, well printed and illustrated, and probably the fullest and best of the few accounts of the great conflict written by those correspondents who were fortunate enough to get within the Turkish lines before the Moslem forces were scattered like chaff by the onrushing Balkan troops. The book abounds in information unfamiliar to most readers, and in more or less exciting incident. More than once Lieutenant Wagner's accuracy as a reporter is impugned, and instances, some of them if not all corrected in his book, are cited to show that his zeal occasionally outstripped his knowledge; but in the circumstances he is perhaps not beyond pardon. In contrast with the impressions of Turkish cruelty toward defenceless Christians which both Lieutenant Wagner and other writers give us, the following concerning the reputedly ferocious Redifs is of interest:

"Poor, gentle and kind-eyed, courteous Anatolian Redifs! You were starving and disorganized, and yet we marched with you all the way from Lule Burgas to Chataldja, rather more than 140 miles, without a passport or any other paper to show who we were, and with a cartload of equipment and stores, and none of you ventured to molest us. We were Christians, and King Ferdinand had proclaimed a Holy War, and yet one of you offered to share his last crust of bread with us,

because we gave him a drink of water. Nor did we see you massacre and ill-treat Christians or mutilate their women-folk, although, when you were starving, they used to shut their doors in your faces and refuse to give you of the food which they possessed in plenty. Their flocks also you left untouched in your extremity, and their chickens and their corn. Few European armies would have behaved in such a gentle and forbearing manner as you. Few races could show such a spirit of tolerance."

A spirited account of personal adventure with the Turkish forces, up to the armistice of December 3, comes from the pen of that experienced war correspondent, Major Lionel James, who, in the service of the London "Times," was one of the few of his craft to witness the great battle of Lule Burgas and to learn the real causes of the Turkish defeat. As a corrective to such glowing reports of uninterrupted Bulgarian victories as too easily obtained circulation from sources subject to Bulgarian censorship, his book, "With the Conquered Turk," will supply a real want. Photographs and drawings and maps help to make vivid and also more clearly intelligible his interesting narrative, which deserves far more extended notice than is here accorded to its merits.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

A SCIENTIST'S HOPE FOR HUMANITY.*

Among all the phenomena of this revolutionary era of ours, nothing is more striking than the ever-increasing significance of science as a factor in the upward struggle of humanity. At a time when idealism, worn with the futile striving of centuries, had almost begun to despair, she finds within her hands a sturdier staff than any she has yet leaned upon; at a time when the voices of faith had all but deserted her, she catches a clearer and more heartening word than any that has before reached her ear. Her old enemy has taken on the guise of a savior. Science, the despised and the rejected, is laying the solid foundations beneath her tottering dream-towers, and is giving her at last a definite hope for the future.

To any who are skeptical of this "serene evangel of science," as it has just been happily termed,† we earnestly commend the reading of two books—Mr. Havelock Ellis's "The Task of Social Hygiene" and Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's "Social Environment and Moral Progress." The former work was discussed at length in these pages several months ago. Dr. Wallace's volume, just published, is of even greater importance. The author's position as co-discoverer with Darwin of one of the most momentous theories in the history of thought, his venerable age, his wide scientific knowledge and deep philosophic insight, lend to his utterances an authority such as could be claimed by no other living writer.

On the occasion of his ninetieth birthday, celebrated recently, Dr. Wallace startled his journalistic interviewers by the statement that there has been no perceptible advance in morality throughout the entire historical period of mankind, that the present social structure is radically defective from top to bottom, and the present social environment the worst in history. There are many who would like to dismiss this indictment as the fatuous wail of a superannuated pessimist; but to do so would be merely to demonstrate one's own fatuity. From such a source, it constitutes a challenge to civilization that demands the closest and most impartial examination. In the book now published, Dr. Wallace outlines the historical and scientific data upon which are based his conclusions as to the past, as well as his hope for the future.

In the first section of his volume, after establishing definitions of such terms as morality, moral progress, character, etc., the author devotes several chapters to suggestive historical evidences which have led him to conclude that

"There has been no definite advance of morality from age to age, and that even the lowest races, at each period, possessed the same intellectual and moral nature as the higher. The manifestations of this essentially human nature in habits and conduct were often very diverse, in accordance with diversities of the social and moral environment. This is quite in accordance with the now well-established doctrine that the essential character of man, intellectual, emotional, and moral, is inherent in him from birth; that it is subject to great variation from individual to individual, and that its manifestations in conduct can be modified in a very high degree by the influence of public opinion and systematic teaching. These latter changes, however, are *not* hereditary, and it follows that no definite advance in morals can occur in any race *unless there is some selective or segregative agency at work.*"

What this required selective agent is, and how it will automatically come into action when society is sufficiently purged to give it play, we are told later on.

The five chapters which conclude this Historical section are given over to a specific arraign-

* SOCIAL ENVIRONMENT AND MORAL PROGRESS. By Alfred Russel Wallace, O.M., D.C.L. New York: Cassell & Company.

† By Dr. F. B. R. Hellems, whose article under this title in the May "Forum" is the most thoughtful and significant magazine contribution of the month.

ment of existing social and economic conditions. It is in substance just such an impeachment as the Marxians have been hurling at our heads for decades; yet rarely has even the most devout Marxian attained to Dr. Wallace's vigor and thoroughness of denunciation. Social development during the nineteenth century is thus summarized:

"We see a continuous advance of man's power to utilize the forces of Nature, to an extent which surpasses everything he had been able to do during all the preceding centuries of his recorded history.

"We also see that the result of this vast economic revolution has been almost wholly evil.

"We see that this hundredfold increase of wealth, amply sufficient to provide necessaries, comforts, and all beneficial refinement and luxuries for our whole population, has been distributed with such gross injustice that the actual condition of those who produce all this wealth has become worse and worse, no efficient arrangements having been made that from the overflowing abundance produced *all* should receive the mere essentials of a healthy and happy existence.

"We have seen huge cities grow up, every one of them with their overcrowded, insanitary slums, where men, women, and children die prematurely as surely as though a body of secret poisoners were constantly at work to destroy them.

"We see thousands of girls compelled by starvation to work in such an empoisoned environment as to produce horribly painful and disfiguring disease, which is often fatal in early youth, or in what ought to have been, and what might have been, the period of maximum enjoyment of their womanhood. And to this very day no efficient steps have been taken to abolish these conditions.

"We see millions still struggling in vain for a sufficiency of the bare necessaries of life (which in their misery is all they ask), often culminating in actual starvation, or in suicide, to which they are driven by the dread of starvation. Yet our Governments, selected from among the most educated, the most talented, the wealthiest of the country, with absolute power to make what laws and regulations they please, and an overflowing fund of accumulated wealth to draw upon, do nothing, although more people die annually of want than are killed in a great war, and more children than could be slaughtered by many Herods.

"And while all this goes on in the depths, where—

> 'Pale anguish keeps the heavy gate,
> And the Warder is Despair'—

a little higher up, among the middle-men distributors of the necessaries and luxuries of life, bribery, adulteration and various forms of petty dishonesty are rampant.

"And higher yet, among the great Capitalists, the merchant Princes, the Captains of industry, we find hard taskmasters who drive down wages below the level of bare subsistence, and who support a more gigantic and widespread system of gambling than the world has ever seen.

"And, finally, our administration of what we call 'Justice' (and of which we are so proud because our judges cannot be bribed) is utterly *unjust*, because it is based on a system of money fees at every step; because it is so cumbrous and full of technicalities as to need the employment of attorneys and counsel at great cost, and because all petty offences are punishable by fine *or* imprisonment, which makes poverty itself a crime while it allows those with money to go practically free.

"*Taking account of these various groups of undoubted facts, many of which are so gross, so terrible, that they cannot be overstated, it is not too much to say that our whole system of society is rotten from top to bottom, and the Social Environment as a whole, in relation to our possibilities and our claims, is the worst that the world has ever seen.*"

As an editorial in the "Call" or the "Clarion," all this might be dismissed with the old phrases sweet in the mouth of privilege and selfishness. But as the deliberate utterance of the foremost living scientist of our day, it is rather more difficult to dispose of.

The second part of Dr. Wallace's volume is labelled "Theoretical," and deals almost wholly with the workings of the evolutionary law, in particular reference to social progress. We are shown how natural selection, which through the ages has moulded the infinitely varied animal forms into harmony with their environment, is in the main nullified or neutralized in its effect on the human organism by man's reasoning faculties. Thus it is that the higher nature of man, both intellectual and moral, has remained practically stationary throughout history, owing to the lack of a selective agency adequate to increase it. Such an agency is available in sexual selection, which if given free scope in a normal social environment would "elevate the race to whatever degree of civilization and well-being it is capable of reaching in earth-life." Sexual selection will be the prerogative of woman, and therefore woman's position "in the not distant future will be far higher and more important than any which has been claimed for or by her in the past."

"While she will be conceded full political and social rights on an equality with man, she will be placed in a position of responsibility and power which will render her his superior, since the future moral progress of the race will so largely depend upon her free choice in marriage. As time goes on, and she acquires more and more economic independence, *that* alone will give her an effective choice which she has never had before. But this choice will be further strengthened by the fact that, with ever-increasing approach to equality of opportunity for every child born in our country, that terrible excess of male deaths, in boyhood and early manhood especially due to various preventable causes, will disappear, and change the present majority of women to a majority of men. This will lead to a greater rivalry for wives, and will give to women the power of rejecting all the lower types of character among their suitors.

"It will be their special duty so to mould public opinion, through home training and social influence, as to render the women of the future the regenerators of the entire human race."

The old "biological argument" so often used *against* the suffragists will be a weapon not altogether safe to handle after this!

But sexual selection can never become operative until we have cleansed the Augean stables of our present social organization. The *root-causes* of evil must be attacked and vanquished, —coöperation must be substituted for competition, and economic brotherhood for economic antagonism; we must see to it that private monopoly of land and capital, as well as private inheritance of wealth, is done away with. All remedies for existing conditions, Dr. Wallace concludes, may be condensed into one general proposition:

"That it is the first duty (in importance) of a civilized Government to organize the labor of the whole community for the equal good of all; but it is also their first duty (in time) to take immediate steps to abolish *death by starvation and by preventable disease* due to insanitary dwellings and dangerous employments, while carefully elaborating the *permanent* remedy for want in the midst of wealth."

And his final word to the reader is this:

"The well-established laws of evolution as they really apply to mankind are all favorable to the advance of true civilization and of morality. Our existing competitive and antagonistic social system alone neutralizes their beneficent operation. That system must therefore be radically changed into one of brotherly coöperation and coördination for the equal good of all. To succeed we must make this principle our guide and our pole-star in all social legislation."

Any summary of such a far-reaching argument, in space so scant as this, must of necessity be almost hopelessly inadequate. But perhaps we have faintly suggested something of the book's unique significance in correlating the seemingly diverse paths of biological and economic progress, — in lending the sanction of science to the struggle for freedom which millions of men and women are carrying forward throughout the world. It comes with an authority too high to be impugned; it conveys a message of too grave import to be ignored. Not to read and earnestly ponder such a message is little short of a sin against the future.

WALDO R. BROWNE.

GREEK ARCHITECTURAL REFINEMENTS.*

That the Greek architects should have rested content with so limited a number of forms, repeating not only the dispositions but even the most minute details of their temples substantially unchanged from generation to generation, cannot fail to be a frequent source of astonishment. The conviction deepens with study, however, that these limitations were self-imposed, and went far to make possible a supreme perfection and subtlety of design which could scarcely have been attained had not the full attention of the artist been freed from the cruder problems of invention and construction. That the Greeks' rejection of the arch, for instance, was not the result of ignorance, the walls of Pergamon and Assos abundantly testify. Though the hostility of tradition to the arch and objections to it on the ground of impermanence must be given full weight, allowance must also be made for a wish to adhere, in architecture as in life, to a simple well-understood type, through which alone the eternal desire for the good might hope to approach its consummation.

To what plastic modifications of the apparently rigid temple-forms the search for infinite perfection in the finite could lead in the course of centuries, Mr. William H. Goodyear's "Greek Refinements" now thoroughly elucidates to the general public for the first time. The gradual refinement of the proportions in successive periods, the subtle swelling of the columns, have long been given their true value even in elementary manuals. The curvature of the horizontal lines, the inclination of the verticals, and the systematic variations in the diameter and spacing of the columns, however, although their existence has been generally acknowledged since the publication of Penrose's exact measurements of the Parthenon in 1851, have been subject to long controversy, and to popular misinterpretation that has even found its way into some careful works. The recent discovery, finally, of intentional irregularities in the plans of a number of classic temples — analogous to those more readily to be observed in mediæval buildings — has still awaited a general appreciation.

Mr. Goodyear assumes the concurring belief of the reader in the original existence of all these subtleties, and dismisses the continued skepticism of Josef Durm with a rehearsal of two of the more forcible arguments for authenticity, and citations from Penrose and from Koldewey and Puchstein. Although Durm's contentions as to the poor preservation of the monuments at Athens, at Segesta, and at Corinth, the possible effect of earthquakes, and so on, are met here only by counter assertion, the weight both of evidence and of opinion in favor of the intentional character of the departures from mechanical regularity is very great.

The various theories that the curvature of the horizontal lines was adopted to correct certain optical illusions are readily shown to be untenable

* GREEK REFINEMENTS. Studies in Temperamental Architecture. By William Henry Goodyear, M.A. Illustrated. New Haven: Yale University Press.

by means of more recent evidence of curves precisely contrary in effect to the curves on which the theories were based. Especially the current superstition that the lines were curved up in the centre in order to counteract an optical effect of sagging is attacked from all points, not only as contradicted by lines curved inward in the centre, which produce this very impression, but as devoid of any competent optical authority, and, for the lines above the eye, as contrary to the actual effect on the retina. The ground is thus cleared for the presentation of the only explanation acceptable where the phenomena discovered are so various, "that the classic horizontal curvatures were temperamental refinements inspired by the sentiment of beauty and artistic preference." This conclusion is fortified by quotations at length from a variety of authors, — architects, archæologists, and historians of art,— testifying to the superior artistic value of the curves in comparison with straight lines, and to the effect of "breathing life" with which they endow the structures. That this alone suffices to account for their origin will be easily believed by artists, to whom dislike of the rigidity and formalism of straight lines is readily intelligible.

It is conceded that some of the devices result in an increase of the apparent size of the building. The lack of any features in the Greek Doric order which would indicate the true size, indeed, doubtless has a similar effect. Those familiar with the architect's method of approach to his problem, however, will agree that it is unlikely that this would have been the first purpose and real aim of the designer. The adoption of the entasis, almost universally recognized as æsthetic in purpose, offers a far more vital analogy.

A further extension of such æsthetic purpose is made, which will meet with less general acquiescence. The departures from equality in apparently corresponding dimensions, found especially in the early temples of Magna Graecia, are also ascribed to artistic preference. There can be no doubt that some of these variations were not accidental,— for instance the frequently greater thickness of the columns on the two fronts of temples, in comparison with those on the sides. That such inequalities were intended as refinements, and not enforcedly adopted in the effort to secure some relation desirable for other reasons, may perhaps still be questioned. Modern designers are frequently forced to introduce similar variations into their work on other than æsthetic grounds. On the other hand, the demonstration of unsystematic variations far exceeding the conceivable margin of mason's error shows that the Greek architects were indifferent to exact mathematical equality of dimensions, and lends color to the belief that, as in so many mediæval structures, "the toleration of asymmetry was an expression of the same artistic spirit which devised the definitely planned refinements."

The value of the book, confessedly but a prologue to the author's projected work on mediæval refinements, lies chiefly in its summary of the present state of our knowledge of the Greek buildings, and in its assemblage and discussion of widely scattered opinions concerning them. The measurements which Mr. Goodyear himself has made have previously been published elsewhere. Here for the first time, however, are published many of the important photographs taken by the Brooklyn Institute Museum surveys. Moreover, the effort here made to ascribe irregularities of dimension to positive artistic preference is the first which has been attempted for classic buildings. The arguments are not in all cases so cogent that other considerations might not be urged which might supplement or qualify the theories advanced. One may suggest, for instance, that by the curvatures, inclinations, and modulated distances, the symmetry of the temple front is made far more powerful and organic. Instead of being a uniform row of columns, capable of curtailment or of indefinite extension, the facade is given a beginning, a middle, and an end — an object surely as desirable as to give life to individual lines. One is somewhat inclined to take exception to the extension of the meaning of "refinements" to include every sort of departure from regularity, and of the use of "asymmetry" to designate departures which may operate actually to accentuate the correspondence of opposite halves, which the word symmetry most frequently denotes. There is some looseness, also, in the language used to describe psychological experiences. To say of a truly horizontal line, in a manner often paralleled throughout the book, "It is only the mental knowledge that the line is really straight and horizontal which interferes with the perception that the line is really seen as a curve," contradicts the essential directness of our impressions and the inseparableness of the effects on eye and brain.

Mechanically the volume approaches luxury, and, with its rich provision of bibliography, indices, and glossary, is in many ways an ad-

mirable tool. One must confess, nevertheless, that although the division into chapters is a logical one, it severs a number of subjects very intimately related, and necessitates much repetition and turning back and forth. Certain defects of style to be found in Mr. Goodyear's other writings recur here also. But it is ungrateful to cavil at defects in a work which is a welcome contribution to the somewhat meagre literature of American architectural research.

Members of the professional circle, as they become convinced of the validity of Mr. Goodyear's ideas, are inclined to believe that it is his attitude and not theirs which has changed. A re-examination of his earlier publications, however, leaves little warrant for this belief, and it seems more probable that long cultivation has now prepared the ground for the seed which formerly fell among stones. It would not be surprising if the more recently discovered refinements, once acknowledged, should ultimately find their way into current design like those earlier recognized. Mr. Goodyear would then have added one more illustration of the effective reaction of archæology on a living art.

SIDNEY FISKE KIMBALL.

ROMANTICISM IN THE LIGHT OF DUALISM.*

"... He only who knoweth *whither* he saileth, knoweth also what wind is good and a fair wind for him."

Mr. Paul Elmer More's latest volume of "Shelburne Essays" is not akin to the collections of genial and mildly edifying essays on up-to-date literature that are pouring from the presses. To turn from the usual book of the day to this volume is to turn from triviality and impetuosity to reflection and poise and spiritual solemnity, three qualities as rare as they are desirable. Here one will find the "still intensity" that has almost always characterized the best literary criticism.

In the preface the author indicates briefly his conception of criticism:

"There is a kind of criticism that limits itself to looking at the thing in itself, or at the parts of a thing as they successively strike the mind. This is properly the way of sympathy, and those who choose this way are right in saying that it is absurd or merely ill-tempered to dwell on what is ugly in a work of art, or false, or incomplete. But there is a place also for another kind of criticism, which is not so much directed to the individual thing as to its relation with other things, and to its place as cause or effect in a whole group of tendencies. . . . The highest criticism would contrive to balance these methods in such manner that neither the occasional merits of a work nor its general influence would be unduly subordinated."

Ordinarily, as in the essays on Fiona Macleod and Cardinal Newman, Mr. More maintains this balance admirably; elsewhere, as in the essay on Pater, the emphasis is on the relation of the man and his work with a widespread and, in the author's view, deplorable tendency,—"the romantic movement, beneath all its show of expansion and vitality, seems to me at its heart . . . a drift toward disintegration and disease." Through a study of "the morbid egotism of a Beckford," "the religious defalcation of a Newman," "the æstheticism of a Pater," "the dregs of naturalistic pantheism in a Fiona Macleod," and "the impotent revolt from humanitarian sympathy of a Nietzsche," the drift of romanticism is gradually defined and related with diverse aspects of life. Sensible as he is to the beauty that not infrequently shines on the troubled countenance of romanticism, Mr. More hints that this beauty is not necessarily the expression of essential romanticism, but rather of traits of humanity that are ever resurgent.

The discussion of the nature of romanticism is mostly implicit, but partly explicit, by means of long excursions away from the immediate subject. In sum Mr. More's view is as follows: The human spirit, instead of living in consciousness of its dual constitution, of the one and the many, has set aside the higher term and allowed itself to be merged in the flux. Instead of responding to the

> "central peace subsisting at the heart
> Of endless agitation,"

it has revelled in the delights and tortures of the flux itself. In the classical conception, the highest intuition is above the reason, and is therefore above the flux; the intuition of the romanticist, on the other hand, is below the reason, and is of the flux—is, indeed, merely an aggravation of the natural expansiveness of our thronging desires. Whereas classical philosophy looked to the infinite, the absolute, for the restraint of the desires, romantic philosophy, rejecting all restraint, puts its faith in the limitless, in the unhindered activity of desire. Romanticism, then, has no inherent stability, and is given over to empty revery, to purposelessness, to a nostalgia of the soul. It leads to internal conflict, disillusion, despair, exhaustion.

A second child of naturalism, growing up with romanticism, is science. Mr. More distin-

*THE DRIFT OF ROMANTICISM. Shelburne Essays, Eighth Series. By Paul Elmer More. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

guishes three types: first, positive science, "that trained observation which brings the vision of order out of chaos"; second, hypothetical science, which deals with hypotheses that are in the realm of positive science; and third, philosophical science, dealing with hypotheses outside the realm of positive science, and endeavoring "to formulate a philosophy of life out of scientific law and hypothesis." Of the three, the first two are legitimate and valuable; but the third, philosophical science, is illegitimate and pernicious. The union of romanticism and science is effected by the philosophy of the *élan vital*, which leads to a disintegrating optimism of which there are many signs in this country to-day.

We have done the book an unintentional disservice if our rather facile summary gives the impression that the application of dualism to romanticism is mechanically performed. Nor are the fundamental ideas new in Mr. More's work. The romantic substitution of the limitless for the infinite was discussed at some length in the essay on "Thoreau's Journals," in the fifth series of the "Shelburne Essays"; the philosophy of change in "The Quest" (third series) and in "Victorian Literature" (seventh series); and the dualistic point of view underlies all of the essays, particularly the group of "Studies in Religious Dualism" (sixth series). Indeed, the concluding part of the present volume, some fifty pages of aphoristic statements entitled "Definitions of Dualism," is a concentrated expression of the definite view of life that pervades all of Mr. More's writings. As a result, the essays have the ring of entire assurance, an assurance modified by the author's modest manner and his desire to acknowledge excellence wherever it may exist.

With Professor Babbitt, whose Johnsonian "good-humored growl" has attracted a larger number of desirable readers than it has repelled, Mr. More is one of the three or four critics who are to-day influencing the thought of the more reflective part of our unreflective democracy. His latest book, concerned as it is with the spiritual and intellectual discords of the century from which we have just emerged, should be read by everyone who has the problems of the age at heart—and do we not assume, to-day, that we are each of us responsible for the universe? One of the encouraging signs of the times is the eager hearing, not always faddish, given to such men as M. Maeterlinck, M. Bergson, and Professor Eucken, who seem to us authentic because they are modern. Quite as modern as these men is the renewed interest in the classics manifested in Paris and Berlin, and less distinctly in this country. The classic spirit, the dualistic philosophy, have a perennial vitality, and it is hardly safe to assume that we have assimilated them in the evolution of civilization and will turn to them no more, for in large degree man is master of his evolution and may turn to the past when the need and the desire possess him. Ancient Greece and Rome have much to tell Europe and America; specifically, what Plato would think of the romantic movement is pretty well indicated in these essays by Mr. More.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

GERMANY AND THE GERMAN EMPEROR.*

The development of modern Germany is a subject of perennial attractiveness for both German and non-German writers. The most recent of the many attempts which have been made by men of foreign antecedents to interpret the spirit and the results of German evolution is that of M. Henri Lichtenberger, *maître de conférences* at the Sorbonne and a critic of well-established reputation. The portion of German history covered by M. Lichtenberger's book (published originally in French and now brought out in English translation) is that which falls between the era of Napoleon and our own day; and the subjects to which attention is given comprise principally the rise of capitalism, the transformation of agriculture and industry, the struggle for liberty and unity, the growth of foreign and home policy, the conflicts of religion, and the development and achievements of art. The drier and more familiar facts of economic and political growth are subordinated to the unfolding of the ideals which underlie religion, philosophy, and art, and fortunately the writer is distinctly at his best in the presentation of this more intensively treated portion of his subject. The well-read student of German affairs will find here little that is really new. Indeed the author modestly enough disclaims originality, and avows that he has had no object other than that of placing before French readers in systematic order the results attained by the researches of Lamprecht, Sombart, Treitschke, and a score of other investigators, both German and French, within the broad domain of German social phenomena. But the volume repre-

* GERMANY AND ITS EVOLUTION IN MODERN TIMES. By Henri Lichtenberger. Translated from the French by A. M. Ludovici. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

GERMANY AND THE GERMAN EMPEROR. By Herbert Perris. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND THE PEACE OF THE WORLD. By Alfred H. Fried. With a Preface by Norman Angell. New York: Hodder & Stoughton.

WHAT GERMANY WANTS. By W. N. Willis. London: Stanley Paul & Co.

sents a marshalling of well-mastered fact, played upon by a faculty for facile and candid interpretation which not even the specialist in the field can hope invariably to attain. The objective attitude which is assumed at the outset is well sustained throughout, and the quality of fairness pervades the discussion of not only international policies in which France and Germany are alike concerned, but the clash of political principles, of social ideals, and of religious opinions.

The dominating force of the Germany of modern times is discovered in Nietzsche's free and boundless "will to power," representing the completest possible severance from the mediæval attitude of obedience to tradition and authority. At the same time, there is declared to be to-day, in the domains of religion and æsthetics at least, a reaction from rationalism and materialism toward mysticism and idealism. This interlacing of rationalism and idealism remains, indeed, the supreme paradox of the German world to-day. "Of all the nations of Europe," it is affirmed, "the German people is one of those among whom scientific reason and organizing will have displayed the most extraordinary prowess and modern subjectivism has blossomed most luxuriantly. But it is also one among whom the 'religious' spirit, respect for tradition and authority, has retained the greatest strength."

In the preparation of the book for English readers the translator might well have employed a few foot-notes to bring the text up to date. The repeated assertion that socialism suffered a decided set-back "in the last election" should then have been accompanied by some mention of the remarkable socialist triumph at the elections of 1912; and the reader would not be left to reconcile for himself the glorification of the Von der Golz reform of the Turkish army with the events of the past year in the south-east of Europe, or the seeming triumphant sway of Herr Dernburg in the German Colonial Office with the recent enforced retirement of that official and the repudiation of his policies.

A writer of somewhat cynical disposition some time ago defined European politics as "the science of misunderstanding." The characterization may be fantastic, but that it is not wholly lacking in aptness is evidenced by the succession of crises, disavowals, and "explanations" with which the history of international affairs is to-day, perhaps more than ever, filled. Diplomats and parliamentary leaders fail habitually to interpret aright the motives and purposes of States other than their own; and misunderstanding, savoring as it may of deliberate misconstruction, not infrequently leads to the very verge of war. Misunderstanding may hardly have been reduced to a science. But that there is a great deal of it, and that it is responsible for many unpleasant things that happen, among nations as well as among individuals, no one will undertake to dispute.

In the gigantic enigma of international politics to-day the supreme factor of uncertainty is Germany, and, in Germany, the Kaiser. At every recurring period of unusual tension, as at the time of the South African war, at that of the Moroccan episode of 1905, or during the present Balkan conflict, the most instant query of the European world relates to the intentions of the Berlin Government; and even the intervals of comparative quiet are prolific in discussion of the subject, more particularly, of course, in England, France, and Russia. Within the past twelvemonth there have appeared, in English alone, and in addition to magazine articles and brochures by the score, no fewer than three books whose purpose is to define the position of the German Empire in the world of to-day, and, more specifically, to explain the influence, present and prospective, of the Emperor William II.

Of the three the volume by Mr. Perris is most ambitious in scope, though perhaps not so in aim; for Mr. Fried endeavors to prove that the Kaiser is at all times and of necessity attached to the cause of peace, while Mr. Willis essays the no less considerable task of demonstrating that the Emperor and his counsellors not only expect war shortly but are concerned only to avert its approach until all shall be in readiness. Beginning with an illuminating survey of the historical geography of the portions of Europe comprised within the present Empire, Mr. Perris devotes three chapters to a sketch of German social and political development to the nineteenth century, with an excellent review of the triumphs of German genius in philosophy, literature, and music, after which are surveyed at much greater length the history of the country since the Congress of Vienna and the conditions,—political, social, and economic,—which lend it distinction at the present time. Assuming that the new German Empire is "the most perplexing quantity in the modern world," the author sets out to give "an interpretation of the German life of to-day by the aid of the Germanic past." He must be credited not only with the courage to undertake a task of unusual difficulty, but with the skill to accomplish it in a manner worthy of commendation. Of historical facts he gives few, if any, that are new. But the interpretation of the physical, personal, and social forces which interplayed in the earlier stages of German development is usually sound, and the description of German polity and achievement within our own generation is exceptionally clear, well-informed, and convincing. A detailed characterization of the personality of the Kaiser is summed up in the following lucid manner:

"The Emperor is a true Teuton in his idealism, his sentimentality, his strenuous devotion to duty as he sees it, and his kindly anxiety to model the nation on the old-time patriarchal household. But he is only too evidently out of harmony with much of his surroundings; and in himself there is plainly visible a conflict between old and new elements, between an obstinate blood-inheritance and a quick sensitiveness to certain aspects of modern life. The main body of the people does not wish to be patriarchical; it wants more liberty, not less. He himself wishes to provide schools and universities, factories, farms, and fleets with the latest scientific equipment; but whoever looks with scientific eye upon absentee landlords, the Prussian electoral system, or

divine-right monarchy, is in his eyes a dangerous enemy of an inspired order. He makes friends of the Krupps and Ballins, the captains of competitive industrialism, and yet imagines that the pre-industrial organization of society can be maintained. . . . He wishes his people and every other people to enjoy the blessings of peace; but it is the precarious and expensive peace of the feudal retainer whose armour became heavier year by year until at length the whole mediæval structure broke down. He is desperately in earnest in his religion; but if the Kaiser's singular combination of Protestant and Catholic orthodoxies be right, how can the opposition of the two churches be maintained, and why should one of them be by law established?"

From the disaster lurking in these inconsistencies the Emperor has been saved, in Mr. Perris's judgment, not by the intellectual power required to reconcile the divergent impulses whence they spring, but rather by a certain pliancy which enables him to give way ere the rising democratic temper breaks bounds. Of the divine mission of the House of Hohenzollern never a doubt is entertained by the Emperor himself, but the average German does not view the claim very seriously. Says Mr. Perris:

"Except in the early years of the reign, and in a few short intervals since, the Kaiser has enjoyed a measure of popularity remarkable in the political circumstances. Had he been made of harder stuff, or been regarded, in his own words, as 'the instrument of God,' there might have been more obedience, but there would have been less affection. In his heart, if not openly, the educated German contemplates the pretension to divine right as a Londoner contemplates the Lord Mayor's coach. It is a harmless vanity of the Prussian royal family. If Bavarians or Saxons recognize any divine right, it is that of their own royal families. . . . The question, however, is felt to be of small importance in everyday life. Sometimes the Kaiser speaks wisely, sometimes otherwisely. But always he is a very human being, and, at least, the ablest, most energetic and the most interesting sovereign of the time. Much can be pardoned for his virtues and his patriotism."

In Mr. Fried's little volume an attempt is made to demonstrate from the Emperor's words and acts that the concept of a European *rapprochement* is much less foreign to the Wilhelmsstrasse than is frequently supposed, that the spirit of the age has produced in the Kaiser a distinct change of heart with respect to the desirability of peace, and, finally, that the proposed "peace alliance" among the nations does not involve, as is so widely suspected, any sort of confederation in a political sense. Mr. Fried is a German, the editor of one of the more influential periodicals of the Empire, and an ardent exponent of the present-day peace movement. The book under review won for him last year a Nobel prize. In it there is little argument for peace, or, directly, for the disarmament of nations. The desirability of these things is assumed, and the major portion of the volume is devoted to an exposition of the process by which the Emperor William II. has been brought, step by step, to the position of a real pacivist, restrained from measuring up to the full possibilities of his pivotal position only by the aristocratic and reactionary forces by which he is surrounded. When, in 1888, the youthful Potsdam officer mounted the throne of the Hohenzollerns and, turning first of all to the army, cried "I and the army belong to one another, are born for one another, and will steadfastly hold together, come peace or storm, as God wills it," the world understood that Germany had fallen under the dominion of a war lord whose ambition was likely to spell carnage and conquest. In June of the present year, however, the Emperor William will have completed a quarter of a century on the German throne without having ever witnessed a battle; and within this prolonged period his country has been engaged in no war worthy of the name. The Emperor has, indeed, in the words of Mr. Fried, "composed music, delivered speeches, written poetry, painted pictures, done a little yachting, and studied sculpture and theology; he has, in short, done everything except wage war."

On the contrary, he has declared "I only wish that Europe's peace lay in my hands. I should certainly take care it should never be disturbed." He has discoursed frequently and forcefully upon the possibilities of a peaceful federation of the European states. And within the past three or four years he has accorded frank endorsement to views regarding the growing impracticability of war almost identical with those so masterfully expounded more than a decade ago by the Russian state councillor Johann von Bloch. The Emperor clings still to the theory *si vis pacem para bellum*. He believes that war may be avoided only, in the last analysis, by exerting to the utmost the defensive forces of the State. He certainly does not want war. No one understands better than he the ruinous effects upon industry and trade which war must entail. He is beginning to sympathize with the idea that armaments should be maintained for the defense of the community of States, rather than for use against these States. All that remains, as Mr. Fried views the situation, is for the Emperor, whose every move in such matters is watched by the Powers generally, to shake off the restraining influences of the militarists and court reactionaries, and to give expression to his own impulses by coming out squarely for international confederation in the interest of perpetual peace and of armament retrenchment. The opportunity, in Mr. Fried's opinion, is one which comes but seldom, even to monarchs.

From the optimism of Mr. Fried to the pessimism of Mr. Willis is a far cry. Mr. Willis was during sixteen years a member of the Australian parliament, and he has written somewhat extensively upon political and social topics. He displays, however, a cocksureness of opinion, a propensity to look upon the darker side of things, not to mention an occasional slovenliness of expression, by which his work is rendered of but second-rate importance. In the present volume he contends that while Germany wants many things, the acquisition of which would seriously embarrass her rivals, the chief of her desires is colonial dominion in portions of the world (South America is especially emphasized) where German-speaking people may settle in large numbers and yet retain their German nationality. It is

assumed that Germany is working relentlessly and stealthily toward this end, and that if the German Government desires peace it is only to gain time and to make surer the eventual defeat of England, France, and perhaps the United States. "Every day, and every hour of the day," it is alleged, "the black German clouds of war are growing darker, gathering more force, and obscuring, little by little — almost imperceptibly, it may be, to some — the rays of the sun of peace from this country [England] and France — and perhaps from the civilized world." The "terrible tension" concerning what Germany wants, we are assured, cannot go on interminably. If the strain be not relieved it will reach the breaking-point; that is to say, war will ensue. And the relief cannot long be delayed. The possibility that an adjustment may be attained through diplomacy is admitted, but the impression which one gathers from Mr. Willis's chapters is that war is very much more probable. The "German menace" is portrayed as a blight not merely upon outside nations but upon Germany herself. For the German people there is high praise; the fault of the existing situation is attached exclusively, or almost so, to the "Great Sphinx," *i.e.*, the Emperor, and the "peace-destroying military cliques" who are declared to rule the Empire and to determine its destiny. The book is by no means as intemperate as some other attacks upon German public polity which have emanated from English sources. But it certainly will not contribute to that spirit of international comity which it would seem to be the most solemn obligation of writers of both England and Germany to promote.

FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Essays on youth and life.

There is something paradoxical in the use of the essay to express the spirit of youth. The energies and enthusiasms of that spirit are too turbulent to be contained in so reflective a form of literary art. But in his sober and thoughtful book of essays, "Youth and Life" (Houghton), Mr. Randolph S. Bourne, a Columbia graduate student, has attempted something of a philosophic interpretation of youth. His temperament and training have led him to dwell upon the higher and more permanent aspects of youthfulness, — those which ought to be preserved throughout life. Chief of these is the *naïveté* of intellectual outlook which means absolute truthfulness, a spiritualized scientific conscience. The moment we substitute policy for this clearness of vision we violate our intellectual integrity. Youthfulness means, therefore, a continual warring of reason against tradition, a conflict of two generations. "Old men cherish a fond delusion that there is something mystically valuable in mere quantity of experience. Now the fact is, of course, that it is the young people who have all the really valuable experience. It is they who have constantly to face new situations, to react constantly to new aspects of life, who are getting the whole beauty and terror and cruelty of the world in its fresh and undiluted purity." To sustain it, this wisdom of youth needs an enthusiastic idealism and a tremendous capacity for resistance and sacrifice. The pressures of society are all in favor of tradition. And so, "few men remain quite true to themselves. As their youthful ideals come into contact with the harshnesses of life, the brightest succumb and go to the wall. . . . Youth rules the world, but only when it is no longer young. It is a tarnished, travestied youth that is in the saddle in the person of middle age. Old age lives in the delusion that it has improved and rationalized its youthful ideas by experience and stored-up wisdom, when all it has done is to damage them more or less — usually more. And the tragedy of life is that the world is run by these damaged ideals. . . . It is the young only who are actually contemporaneous; they interpret what they see freshly and without prejudice; their vision is always the truest, and their interpretation always the justest." As an essayist, Mr. Bourne has dared erase "Whim" from his lintel. But his style, although restrained, abounds in illuminating epigram and characteristic touches of charm. It is a book of much promise, which marks the arrival of an essayist who can deal with the larger themes with something like finality.

The collected writings of John Quincy Adams.

The life of John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States, was one of the fullest lived by any American. Yet to write a biography of Adams is a task that has been attempted by few American historians. The reasons for this apparent inattention are doubtless many. The subject may have been deemed unattractive. Hardly any man was more unpopular. In Adams's case there seems to have developed no later growth of interest, such as in recent years has brought more justice to James K. Polk. But a deeper explanation, we suspect, lies in the fact that Adams was the prince of American autobiographers. The voluminous "Memoirs" which, under the editorship of Charles Francis Adams, the President's son, was published in 1874–7 (though the work is relatively rare and known to few besides special students of American history), constitutes one of the most absorbing documents in the sources of American political history; and it would seem that the autobiography has awed the biographer. Another reason is that but little of the correspondence of John Quincy Adams has heretofore been available. A few letters have been printed, — some, for example, in a bulletin of the New York Public Library, and some in the "American Historical Review." It is with expectancy and interest, therefore, that one welcomes the first volume of a definitive edition of Adams's complete "Writings" (Macmillan). This initial volume begins with a letter written by Adams in his twelfth year, as he was about to return with his father from the latter's

mission to France, and closes with letters written in the first part of 1786, when the writer, though commissioned minister to Portugal, was still at The Hague. In the period included between these dates, Adams writes of his boyhood travels on the continent and in England, of his life at Harvard, of his law studies in Newburyport, and of the early days of his practice in Boston. We follow him in his entrance into politics, and into the beginnings of that diplomatic service which filled so much of his youth. Indeed, by far the larger number of the letters are those which in his official capacity and as a dutiful son he wrote during his extended stay in Holland. The precocity of the writer is abundantly manifested throughout the letters and the early political essays here reprinted. One senses a touch of priggishness, perhaps, in some of the boyish letters; but such an impression is forgotten in admiration of the capacity and the poise of the writer. Occasionally there is a glint of humor,—a quality not often revealed in the "Memoirs." The historical value of the collection is great, both for the keen observations on European politics and for the penetrating comments on American affairs. That the collection is edited by Mr. Worthington C. Ford is a sufficient assurance of the adequacy of the editorial comment. The notes, always succinct, are rich in explanatory enlightenment where this is needed. One additional help to the student, which we should have been glad to see in the first volume, is perhaps only deferred to the last: this is a general note on the Adams papers. A bibliography of the published writings of Adams is promised by Mr. Ford; and surely this will be the proper occasion for a similar contribution with regard to the manuscripts on which the present publication is based. This would supplant the notes in Winsor, and would round out the information which the individual student may occasionally have picked up. A list of the letters by Adams already in print, and some hint as to the extent and character of the letters to Adams, would be a boon highly appreciated by many laborers in this period of American history.

Stories of the English cathedrals.

With the exception of the introductory chapter, Miss Kate F. Kimball's "An English Cathedral Journey" (Crowell) appeared originally in "The Chautauquan" magazine; and now appeals to the wider audience known as the general public. It is a compact little volume, not too big for the pocket; and contains the story of Westminster Abbey and eight cathedrals—Canterbury, Rochester, Lincoln, Durham, Ely, Salisbury, Lichfield, and York. This is a fair representation of the thirty-seven cathedrals of England and Wales; but the intrinsic interest would have been heightened by substituting for Rochester, say, Gloucester, where the Perpendicular style originated. This would have recognized the western group of cathedrals, and would have preserved the geographical balance. If neighborhood was to be considered, Winchester might have been added to Salisbury, and Peterborough to Ely, without unduly thickening the book. As it is, the traveller will often be forced to dive into another pocket for his Baedeker or other stand-by. Still, our "vish there vos more," on the principle announced by Mr. Samuel Weller, is based on our enjoyment of what there is. Miss Kimball writes with honest and well-informed enthusiasm, is posted on periods and styles, does not forget historic associations, and tempers technicalities to the capacity of the average intelligent traveller. The practical value of the book is increased by some useful addenda in the shape of measurements of the nine churches, a survey of the architectural periods, a bibliography, a glossary of architectural and ecclesiastical terms, and the indispensable index. The illustrations are abundant, and some of them especially interesting, as being taken from unusual points of view; *e. g.*, the triforium of Durham, the cloister garth of Canterbury from the northwest, and York's chapter-house. On page 286, "Rochester" should read "Salisbury"; on page 289, "chapel-of-ease" would seem to belong to the ecclesiastical, rather than to the architectural part of the glossary; and the definition of "tympanum," on page 293, speaks rather confusingly of the "space between the horizontal opening of a doorway and the arch above."

A near view of the hero of Port Arthur.

To Mr. Stanley Washburn, one of the few newspaper correspondents attached to General Nogi's staff at Port Arthur and later at Moukden, it was given to gain some acquaintance with the great commander as he was in moments of relaxation and in the circle of his friends. "Nogi: A Man against the Background of a Great War" (Holt) presents in a few brief pen-strokes the picture of that heroic figure as seen from day to day during the harrowing suspense of the long siege and in the succeeding months of the war, notably at the moment when the bitterly disappointing terms of the Portsmouth treaty became known to the Japanese soldiers at the front. The quietness, simplicity, and modesty of the hero of Port Arthur are shown to have been all that one would have expected and desired in so truly great a man; but the inherited instinct of command and the power to enforce obedience were ever present. "To his men and to his officers he was always kind and conciliatory, but never under any circumstances familiar. When he spoke to them, he spoke curtly and they acted instantly. A moment's delay on their part and one sharp look, like the flash of a smouldering flame, would bring them to their feet in an instant with blood surging up beneath their skins." His heroic endurance of the loss of his two sons and of countless dear friends in that fearfully costly war, his kindheartedness so seemingly in contrast with the orders he issued that sent thousands and tens of thousands to certain death in the assaults on Port Arthur, his complete indifference to the honors showered upon him by a grateful and admiring nation when victory had perched on his banners—all this and

more will be found duly set forth in Mr. Washburn's pages, with a final chapter devoted to the tragically impressive circumstances of the hero's death. Portraits of Nogi and other appropriate illustrations abound. Though the oriental mind is held to be a closed book to the Westerner, the author has succeeded in presenting a very real and human and attractive character, as well as a noble one, in this brief sketch of a great Japanese military commander.

A handbook of Mexico and Central America.

He is a bold prophet who would venture, in the midst of the disturbed conditions which have prevailed in Mexico since the enforced retirement of Porfirio Diaz, to predict what the future has in store for that distressed country. And judging from its title, Mr. Joseph King Goodrich's "The Coming Mexico" (McClurg) would seem to be thus prophetic. In the first sentence of his preface, however, the author disclaims any such intention; and it is well that he does, for within a few days after his book appeared the "unexpected happened." The government, upon which the more hopeful observers of recent conditions relied, was overthrown; the President and Vice-President were assassinated, and Mexico became as reactionary as in the days of Santa Ana or of Miramon. Mr. Goodrich's book is, on the other hand, an interesting survey of the country (including the Central American States), and is fuller and more thorough than any other book on that fascinating subject that has recently appeared. In its chapters on mountaineering, the seaports, and attractions for the tourist, sportsman, and health seekers, it presents information not to be found elsewhere, accompanied by illustrations especially attractive because of their freshness. The author's first acquaintance with Mexico was made in 1866, but the book is based upon recent visits. In his historical references Mr. Goodrich is committed to views of the civilization and form of government prevailing among the primitive races which have been abandoned by students since the time of Lewis H. Morgan and Bandelier; and his two references to the so-called "Pastry War" are hopelessly irreconcilable, and neither of them is accurate. But in other and more important respects, the book is exceedingly helpful to a thorough knowledge of Mexico and Central America.

Early English domestic architecture.

To the six splendidly-illustrated folio volumes of "Gardens Old and New" and "In English Homes," published by "Country Life" of London, is now added a supplementary and uniform volume dealing with "English Homes of the Early Renaissance" (imported by Scribner). Mr. H. Avray Tipping is the editor of this, as of the other volumes in the series; and the numerous fine photographs are from Mr. Charles Latham's negatives. The work deals with the exterior characteristics of the country homes planned and erected in England during the century between the close of the reign of Henry VIII. and the outbreak of the Civil War in 1642. Tracing the gradual evolution of the Elizabethan home from the time that the early Renaissance style, "a classic veneer upon a Gothic framework," was in vogue, it reveals insistently the fact that features of mediævalism were slow in disappearing, despite the best efforts at innovation on the part of John Shute in the sixteenth century or of Inigo Jones a hundred years later. The most radical changes were effected in diminishing the size of the hall (which to the mediæval Englishman was practically his house), the elimination of the winding form of staircase, an increased attention to adequate and serviceable fenestration, an over-emphasis of furniture and decorative objects which led to considering the walls and ceiling as mere backgrounds instead of works of art in themselves, as well as minor details. Many of the homes described have been chosen for their historic interest; others, because of their present ownership. "Batemans," a Jacobean house in East Sussex and now in the possession of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, is only one instance of an unspoiled survival from a romantic past, thanks to the artistic perception of the owner, who has not adopted the modern "improving" spirit, where reparations have been necessary. Wooton Lodge, Shaw House in Berkshire, Borwick Hall, and Shipton Hall in Shropshire are typical examples of magnificent centres around which much that is of significant historic interest has been grouped. However, to gain a clear insight into the style known as Early Renaissance, a study of all of the forty-three places dealt with in this volume is essential. And the reader will be well repaid; for, added to the wealth of architectural lore here offered, are interesting bits from the life-stories of the notable men and women who lived within these walls and an abundance of those curious village traditions with which all history is intimately connected.

Reminiscences of "a glorious life."

From the pen of one who has the travel-fever in his blood, and whose style shows something of the art of the born word-painter, there comes a rambling tale of world-wide wandering, under the fanciful title of "The Shadow Show" (Doran). Mr. J. H. Curle, the author of the book, says of himself on an early page, "To-day, at forty, I have seen the world from end to end," and indeed his travel-record includes every continent and some of the islands. One of eleven children, he enjoyed the advantages of being, in a manner, crowded out of the home nest at fourteen years of age, and has been intermittently "on the go" ever since. South African mining seems to have been his chief business interest, the study of mankind, from China to Peru, his favorite amusement. Taking part in the Jameson fiasco and coming in contact with Cecil Rhodes, he became so impressed with the latter's commanding qualities as to find no one worthy of naming in the same breath with him except General Porfirio Diaz. Knowing the world well, Mr. Curle has also become well acquainted with himself; he knows his own

strength, and presumably also his weakness. "I feel I was born to manage a great mine," he tells us. "The qualities were there — financial, executive, administrative — though I did not use them. With natives, too, I could do anything. . . . I knew just how mines were developing all over the world — how this one was improving, this declining, and that other being forced for stock-jobbing. My knowledge of the personnel of the mining world was unique." But the demon of restlessness made a globe-trotter of the potential mining magnate; and so we have from his hand these entertaining chapters of travel and of passing comment on the foibles of his fellow-beings, instead of certain unneeded additions to the world's stock of precious metals. There is an assurance and dash in his manner that reconcile us even to the philosophizing and the moralizing that naturally spring from so wide and varied a knowledge of the world. "I have led a glorious life," is his opening sentence, and it gives the keynote to the book.

A philosophy of religious history.

Philosophy of history, in these days of grubbing that we call research and stupidity of expression that we call scientific accuracy, is a lost art. It requires imagination, and those endowed with imagination have tended to become stock-brokers or journalists rather than historians. In the case of Dr. E. Noel Reichardt's "The Significance of Ancient Religions in Relation to Human Evolution and Brain Development" (Dodd), the writer is a physician. What he offers is a very pretty imaginative treatment of the history of religions from a point of view that brings into focus "a very solid and extensive array of historical facts. From that point of view, the evolutionary movement in humanity is seen to be a succession of rhythmical Racial movements. In each movement a single wave of energy operates simultaneously on large numbers of human beings throughout a long series of generations, and endows the whole mass with the specific unity of a Race. The vital impetus rises to a certain point of intensity, and then ebbs away and becomes extinct; as if it were itself the expression of the life of a living organism." History so conceived becomes a drama of which the protagonist is a "germ-plasm" or a "generic wave," whose behavior constitutes the successive acts that we call Egyptian, Babylonian, Persian, Hindoo, Jewish, and so on down to Protestant religion. The crest of the wave is the Jewish religion, its trough contemporary protestantism. With the changes in its own phases there go concomitant changes in the structure of the brain, and each religion represents the deposit of an additional and higher layer of cells in the brain. Confutation would be easy, but thankless. One does not confute a picture or a sonata; one likes or dislikes. No more does one confute a philosophy of history. It may be fantastic, mythological, unverifiable; but it does, at least, see religious life steadily and see it whole. It combines learning with articulate vision; and if the vision is somewhat Post-Impressionistic, it is none the less a higher and better thing than the inarticulate messes that are turned out of our laboratories of historical research as historical "truth."

Science and the human mind.

The ability to survey in brief compass and yet maintain a significant perspective of a vast and complex domain is sufficiently unusual to direct attention to a successful example in the works of Mr. and Mrs. William C. D. Whetham and to their latest contribution, "Science and the Human Mind" (Longmans). These readable pages give a vital sense of the reality of scientific thought in the ancient world; its subsequent suppression and reconstruction in mediæval and renaissance times, and its growth and final dominance in modern eras. Much of the story is distinctly philosophical, but philosophical in the truer sense of an interpretation not apart from, but intimately related to, the advances of knowledge within the natural sciences. The largest service of this volume lies in its adaptability to the needs of such public library readers as retain the spontaneous interest of the student. A text is apt to suffer from too didactic methods, and from lack of connection with interpretation of real problems and situations. The present volume not only sustains this important interest, but gives it a new meaning under the racial concept. It sets forth the larger contributions of civilization in terms of the racial spirit and its dominance. It thus occupies the ground between philosophy and science, and unites their problems in a common view-point. Mr. and Mrs. Whetham are favorably known as the authors of a considerable series of popularizations of the best type, concerned with the modern problems of heredity, eugenics, and the applications of scientific ideas to practical problems. Their larger venture reflects the same admirable qualities as characterize the more specialized volumes.

How one man found his way back to nature.

A book to send the city-dweller countryward after his long winter of confinement and impure air, electric lights by day and night, and artificiality of countless sorts at all times, is Mr. Truman A. De Weese's prose pastoral, "The Bend in the Road, and How a Man of the City Found It" (Harper). Like Mrs. Henry Wade Rogers's "Journal of a Country Woman," which made its welcome appearance a little while ago, the book points the way to vacation rest and reinvigoration of the most wholesome kind. As a change of occupation and interests, the care of a small farm not too remote from the city certainly possesses almost ideal advantages. The finding and reclaiming of a ten-acre abandoned farm on a picturesque hilltop, rich in the potential delights of rosy-cheeked apples and purple grapes, was Mr. De Weese's way of discovering "the bend in the road." But a much smaller patch of ground, "an acre with nothing on it except soil that will grow things," is enough to furnish healthful recreation to the jaded city man. "If he can get three acres, or five acres,

with a nice old house and barn on it, so much the better. He will be surprised to find how easy it is to get a little haven of joy like this where his soul can expand and his lungs wash themselves out with the pure ozone of the country, when once he starts out to find it. Like the author of that noteworthy book, "New Lives for Old," Mr. De Weese enjoys the advantage of having a wife who is heart and soul with him in his bucolic enterprise, also a boy to work and play at his side; and the hired man is another important member of the household. The book savors of reality and wholesomeness, and is well illustrated with drawings and photo-engravings. In its optimistic tone it goes so far as to assert that "there are signs that the human tide that has been surging toward the cities has reached its ebb"—which would be almost too good to be true.

With Mark Twain at Bermuda.

Mark Twain, as known and admired and loved at Bermuda, and later and more briefly at Stormfield, is the unfailingly interesting subject of Miss Elizabeth Wallace's gracefully and tenderly written and beautifully illustrated volume, "Mark Twain and the Happy Island" (McClurg). Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine's memorable picture of the humorist in this quiet retreat is filled in with sundry significant and characteristic details by Miss Wallace's deft hand, showing especially the white-haired, white-clad man in his relations with children, the "Angel-fish" of that choice little society he founded and fostered in the last years of his life. Both with pen and with camera Miss Wallace has presented to view the most winning side of her kind-hearted friend. His friend and benefactor, the late Henry H. Rogers, is also effectively included in the picture. A few letters from Mark Twain to the writer, proving the closeness of their intimacy, are added, and a short introduction by his trusted biographer and literary executor opens the book. In Mr. Paine's words, "the world will be the better and Mark Twain's memory the sweeter for these gentle chapters."

BRIEFER MENTION.

It gives one something like a thrill to open "The China Year Book" for 1912, as edited by Messrs. H. T. Montague Bell and H. G. W. Woodhead, and read "The Republic of China" as the title of the first chapter. For the rest, the work is an invaluable compendium of statistics and other facts relating to what was so recently known as the Middle Kingdom. There is a large folding map. The volume is published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"The Chronology of Modern India" (Edinburgh: John Grant), by Mr. James Burgess, enumerates briefly the important events connected with the history of India for four hundred years — from the close of the fifteenth century, 1494 A. D., to 1894. With its material collected from the most trustworthy historical sources accessible, it forms a useful supplement to the manual of India's earlier history prepared by Miss C. Mabel Duff, and published in 1899. Where irregularities in the spelling of proper names occur, the form here represented corresponds with that in use in the most recent gazetteers and maps prepared by the Indian government. A fairly complete index helps to make the volume a practical reference work for the general reader or for the student of Indian affairs.

A second edition of Professor T. R. Glover's admirable book on Virgil (Macmillan) will be warmly welcomed by all lovers of the humanities. For his revision the author has profited by the bitter reviews of the original work, and the net result is a thoroughly creditable and readable treatise as a detail of interest to readers for whom a reasonable price does not detract from the value of a good book. We would mention that the 350 generous pages can now be purchased for two dollars.

Miss Margaret E. Tabor's little handbook, "The Saints in Art" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), now in a second and corrected edition, is a convenient guide for the visitor to picture galleries and churches who finds the descriptions in the ordinary tourist's handbook insufficient. There are accounts of the important saints, explanations of their attributes or symbols, and legends connected with them. The alphabetical arrangement and the conciseness of treatment make the volume valuable for easy reference.

A useful digest of business information, "What to Read on Business," containing classified and annotated reading lists for the use of the business man, has been published by the Business Book Bureau of New York. The books and magazine articles listed are principally such as have been published within the last five years, and the concise descriptions of their contents, prices, etc., make the little volume a convenient handbook for the active business man who desires easy access to summaries of the best that has been published in his field.

"The Dramatic Index for 1912," published by the Boston Book Co., and edited by Mr. Frederick W. Faxon, is an index of articles, books, and illustrations having for their subjects the drama. "It is a guide to texts of plays, excerpts or synopses of stories, criticisms of plot and production, notices of *première* performances; to portraits of actors, actresses, and playwrights, scenes and groups from plays, plans and views of theatres." It constitutes a reference work of indispensable value to the thousands of people who are now awakened to the significance of dramatic art as a means of culture.

Mr. H. G. Wells's discourse on "The Discovery of the Future," delivered recently at the Royal Institution, is published in tasteful book-form by Mr. B. W. Huebsch. The discourse, thoroughly characteristic of its author, opens wide visions of coming development in the universe of life and mind, and predicts an increasing capability on man's part to penetrate the veil that hides the future, just as he has trained and augmented his power to pierce the gloom that shrouds the past. But "the knowledge of the future we hope to gain will be general and not individual; it will be no sort of knowledge that will either hamper us in the exercise of our individual free will or relieve us of our personal responsibility." From the startling possibility, or even probability, that man is not the highest product of evolution, but only represents one step in an ascending series, Mr. Wells does not shrink. The thought fascinates him, and the unbiased and speculative reader will be fascinated by his manner of presenting this and other suggestions to our candid consideration.

NOTES.

"Joyous Gard" is the title of a new book by Mr. Arthur C. Benson which Messrs. Putnam are about to publish.

Mr. Algernon Blackwood has a new novel almost ready for publication. It is entitled "A Prisoner in Fairyland."

A translation of "The Education of Karl Witte," edited by Mr. H. Addington Bruce, is announced for early publication by Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

The popular low-priced reissue of "Bohn's Libraries," which we mentioned in a recent number, will be published in this country by the Macmillan Co.

Miss Mary Caroline Crawford is engaged upon a volume dealing with "The Romance of the American Theatre," which Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. will publish in the autumn.

The substance of Sir William Osler's Silliman lectures on "The Evolution of Modern Medicine," which he is now giving at Yale University, will be published later in book form by the Yale University Press.

"What Can Literature Do For Me?" is the title of a book just announced by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. for publication this month. The author is Professor C. Alphonso Smith of the University of Virginia.

"Out of the North" is the title of a collection of Arctic poems by Mr. Howard V. Sutherland which will be published shortly by Desmond FitzGerald, Inc. The late Joaquin Miller contributes a "foreword" to the volume.

An elaborate folio volume on "Animal Portraiture," consisting of fifty reproductions in color of paintings of animal life by Wilhelm Kuhnert, with descriptive text by R. Lydekker, is announced by Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, according to recent reports from England, has given permission for the dramatization of "The Woodlanders." The stage version of this novel will be presented in the autumn by the Dorchester Dramatic Society.

Two important books on religious subjects announced for early publication by the Macmillan Co. are "Religion and Life" by Dr. Henry Churchill King, and "The Country Church" by Messrs. Gifford Pinchot and Charles Otis Gill.

Dr. Lewis Gaston Leary is leaving this week for the Mediterranean, the principal object of his trip being to procure the latest available data on Syria for his forthcoming volume, "Syria, the Land of Lebanon," which is to be published this fall by Messrs. McBride, Nast & Co.

Of unusual interest in connection with the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg is Mrs. La Salle Corbell Pickett's volume, "The Bugles of Gettysburg," which Messrs. F. G. Browne & Co. publish this month. The author is the widow of General George E. Pickett, whose division formed the centre of the Confederate assault on Cemetery Ridge, on the fateful third day of the battle.

The first volume of the remarkable series of autobiographical novels by August Strindberg will be published this month by Messrs. Putnam in an English version entitled "The Son of a Servant." The allusion in this title, as Mr. Edwin Björkman has pointed out, was twofold — "to the author's birth, and to the position which fate, in his own eyes, seemed to have assigned him, both as man and as artist."

A collection of the Hon. James Bryce's "University and Historical Addresses" is announced for early publication by the Macmillan Co. Three other forthcoming issues of this house, not previously announced, are: "The Life of Edward A. Moseley," by Mr. James Morgan; "The Church and the Labor Conflict," by Mr. Parley Paul Womer; and "The Influence of Monarchs," by Mr Frederick Adams Woods.

Three new volumes, all by American authors, will appear at once in Messrs. Holt's "Home University Library." They are: "Writing English Prose," by Professor W. T. Brewster of Columbia University, the American editor of the Series; "The Literature of the Old Testament," by Professor George F. Moore of Harvard; and "From Jefferson to Lincoln" by Professor William MacDonald of Brown University.

Mr. Robert W. Neeser's noteworthy account of his cruise with the Atlantic Fleet — "A Landsman's Log," recently reviewed by us — is already about to pass into a second edition, with its appended statistics brought up as nearly to date as possible. In our query as to the cost of a modern battleship's maintenance, we had in mind the larger type of battleship, not the one of average size, and thus may have conveyed an erroneous impression concerning the trustworthiness of Mr. Neeser's figures, which were drawn from the latest official sources.

The Trustees of the American-Scandinavian Foundation have decided upon a plan of work which promises to be of great importance in the cultural relations of America and Scandinavia. The steadily increasing interest in Northern life has created a demand for standard translations of Scandinavian literature, suitable for colleges and universities and for public and private libraries. Beginning in 1914, the Foundation will issue a series of Scandinavian Classics in uniform size and binding. The volumes will be chosen by a committee of scholars with special knowledge of the field, and will be rendered into English by competent translators. The committee plan to make the series broadly representative of Scandinavian literature and to include some of the best books of popular interest along with works that may meet the requirements of students. The list at present contains the Eddas, Holberg's comedies, Björnson's plays, lyrics, and letters, the works of Tegnér, Runeberg, Drachmann, and Herman Bang, as well as of several living writers, still quite unknown to American readers. It is possible that the first book of the series will be three of Holberg's comedies. The Foundation has also under consideration the publication of a series of learned monographs on Scandinavian subjects. An English version of "Danmarks Heltedigtning," by Dr. Axel Olrik, will possibly begin this series.

A volume of "Essays on Chaucer," by Professor George Lyman Kittredge is announced by the Harvard University Press. The Press has also in preparation the following books: "Essays on English Agrarian History in the Sixteenth Century," by Dr. Edwin Francis Gay; "Studies in Anglo-Norman Institutions," by Dr. Charles Homer Haskins; "Hyperbolic Functions of Complex Variables," by Professor Arthur Edwin Kennelly; "The Scientific Work of Morris Loeb," edited by Dr. Theodore William Richards; "Architectural Acoustics," by Professor Wallace Clement Sabine; "The Way of Salvation," translated from the original Pali into English by Dr. Charles Rockwell Lamnan; "The Search for Salvation in the Greek and Roman World," by Dr. Clifford Herschel Moore; "Judaism at

the Beginning of the Christian Era," by Dr. George Foot Moore; "The Principles of Business Policy," by Mr. Arch Wilkinson Shaw; "The Harvard Expedition to Samaria," by Dr. George Andrew Reisner; "A Bibliography of Municipal Government," by Dr. William Bennett Munro; "The Works of Vitruvius," translated by the late Dr. Morris Hicky Morgan and prepared for publication by Dr. Albert Andrew Howard and Professor Herbert Langford Warren; "Cases on Constitutional Law," by Dr. Eugene Wambaugh; "The Yoga-System of Patañjali, or The Ancient Hindu Doctrine of Concentration of Mind," translated from the original Sanscrit by Dr. James Haughton Woods.

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 118 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

The Life and Letters of John Paul Jones. By Mrs. Reginald de Koven. In 2 volumes; illustrated, 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5. net.

The Early Life of George Eliot. By Mary H. Deakin, M.A.; with Introductory Note by C. H. Herford, Litt.D. 8vo, 188 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $2. net.

My Past: Reminiscences of the Courts of Austria and Bavaria. By the Countess Marie Larisch. Illustrated in photogravure, 8vo, 379 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The Youth of Henry VIII.: A Narrative in Contemporary Letters. Illustrated, 8vo, 362 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. net.

William Lloyd Garrison. By John Jay Chapman. With frontispiece, 12mo, 278 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 net.

The Memoir of Sir Horace Mann. By I. Giberne Sieveking. Illustrated, 8vo, 389 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

Princess and Queen of England: Life of Mary II. By Mary F. Sandars. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 386 pages. Duffield & Co.

A Sunny Life: The Biography of Samuel June Barrows. By Isabel C. Barrows. Illustrated, 12mo, 323 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

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